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Your folks and mine

Your Folks and Mine

*Reminiscenses and Anecdotes of and About
the People of Rush*

Edited by

BESSIE A. HALLOCK
— 7054458
Town of Rush Historian

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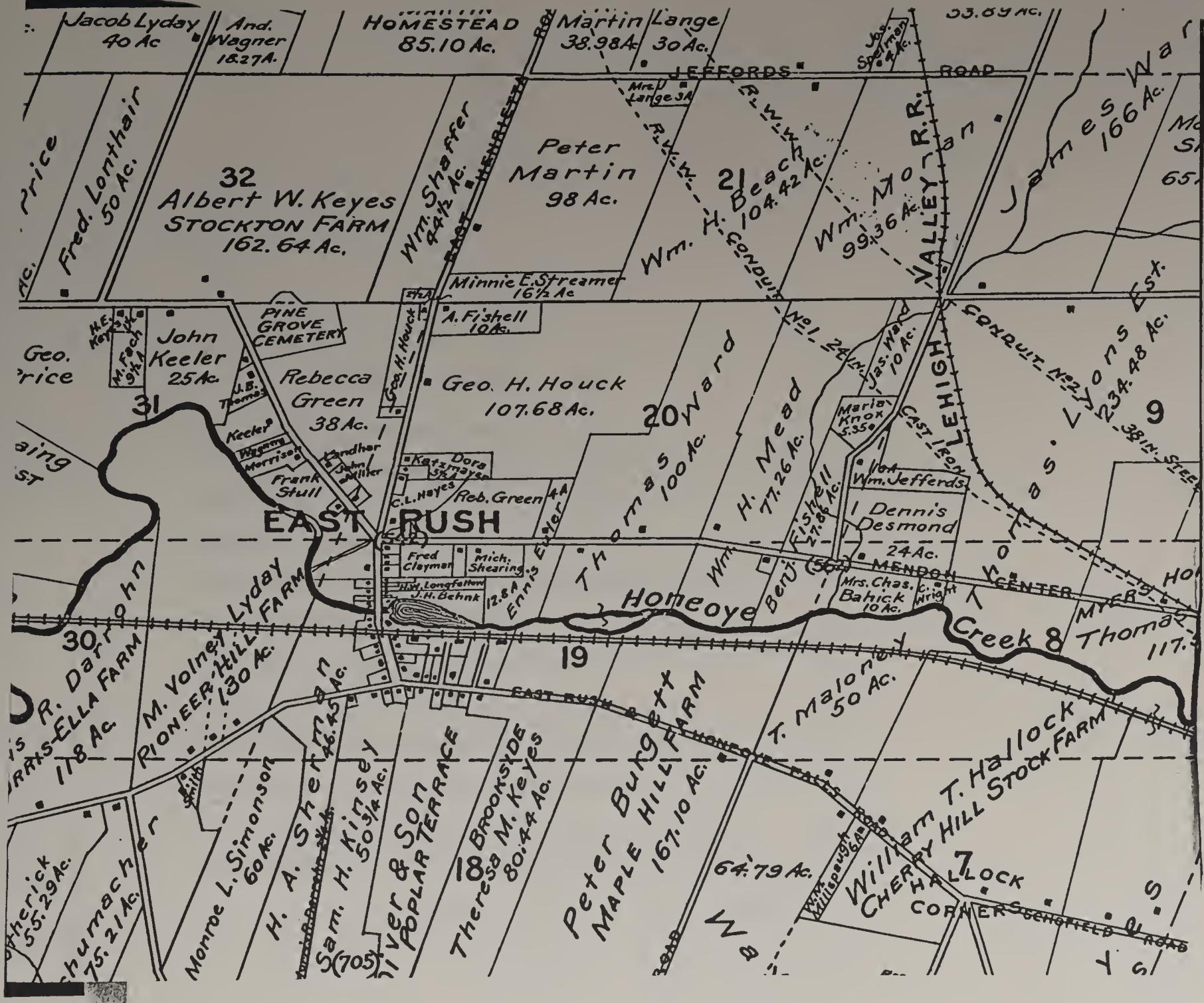
Your Folks and Mine

They are our ancestors. We may not be kin by blood yet we are their heirs, heirs of the product of their foresight, industry and integrity. What they did in the beginning has determined more than we realize what our town is today.

BESSIE A. HALLOCK

Town Historian, Rush, New York.

Printed in U.S.A.



A Little Country Town

"I knew a little country town
Like other little country towns, no doubt,
Where men in overalls went in and out
A store of two; some fences tumbled down,
The weeds beside a few short trees were brown
In summer with the dust that drifts about.

"Along a shaded path ran barefoot girls;
Until one goes away one does not know
What Nature ever knows—how lovely slow
Hot days can be, and lazy dust that swirls
From sun-baked roads to settle on the hedges
And cinder paths, with weeds along their edges."

—Adapted from "Aunt Mary Plain's" Scrapbook.

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Map with compliments of Elmer L. Lockwood, Rush native.

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Remembers Older People of Rush

By A. EMERSON BABCOCK, Brighton, N. Y.

James Morris Babcock, eldest son of Isaac and Elizabeth Wilbur Babcock, moved from a farm in Groveland to Rush where he owned a store. D. W. Powers of Rochester bought supplies for his peddler's wagon from him. Their daughter Elizabeth died at fourteen years of age and the stores of Rush were closed during the funeral. Mr. Babcock gave up store-keeping here as his health suffered from confinement. Hiram Sibley also was a customer of his.

H. H. Babcock, brother of James M. and ninth child of Isaac and Elizabeth Wilbur Babcock, born in Albany County in 1817, moved with his parents to Rush and lived there twenty years. He married Maria, daughter of Maj. John Markham of West Rush, March 6, 1839. In 1867 he became senior member of the H. H. Babcock Coal Co., merchants of Rochester, which did the largest coal business in the city. My father, born in Groveland in 1832, spent his boyhood in Rush.

I remember many of the older people of Rush and recall distinctly hearing my aunt Julia play the piano while Charles Puffer fiddled and William Markham of Elm Place on the Rush-Avon Road played the flute.

Some Recollections

By CLARA DARROHN BEERS, Rochester, N. Y.
(Sister of Everett and Joseph Darrohn)

According to family traditions, passed on to me when a girl, my great-grandfather Elnathan Perry would not buy land where Rochester is now located because of the rattlesnakes he found there. So he came out farther south and purchased his acreage at \$5.00 per acre while he could have bought in the Rochester area for \$2.50 per acre

One of my earliest memories was a trip to Rochester with my father, Morris R. Darrohn. As we came to the tollgate, which was near the site of the County Hospital or Iola Sanitarium, my father stopped to pay the toll. For some reason, no one was on hand at that hour, and we proceeded to the city. While there we went to a store for a drink of soda and soon we were out on the street again. Suddenly my father turned and said, "Why, I forgot to pay for our sodas. We shall have to go back." So we walked what seemed to me a couple of blocks and paid the money, though apparently the oversight had not been noticed. Then, as we returned on the homeward journey, father announced at the tollgate, "I didn't find anyone here this morning when we went in; here's our toll for both trips." Who can say that the lesson in honesty taught that day was of less value than the cost to him in those acts, from which his daughter took satisfaction as she recalled them often in later years?

One of the tasks assigned to my sister Anna and me when we were young girls was to drive the cows to pasture, three-quarters of a mile from our house. On the homeward trip in the afternoon one particularly lazy cow would always lag behind the others. On the steep hill we had to climb coming home we took advantage of this lazy cow's habit by grabbing her tail and making her help pull us up to the very top. Once when this cow was lying down in the barnyard and refused to rise as horse and wagon approached, one of my brothers started to drive over her with the milk wagon. She waited until they were well over her, then upset the wagon in getting to her feet.

My father was very happy when the day came that he could form a male quartette with three of his sons. Many times they sang to the merriment of their listeners:

"A deacon, once, the story goes, dressed in his best, new Sunday clothes.

One Sabbath morning took his staff and milk to feed his little calf.

Ha-ha! 'Twould make a monkey laugh to see the deacon feed his calf."

That "Ha-ha!" was all that was needed to bring the audience to rounds of laughter after each verse.

I particularly remember making—and watching made—apple butter, sausage, and ice cream. And I remember the dressing of hogs.

This is a tribute to Ellen Darrohn, my mother, by her son-in-law: "While she was my mother-in-law, in all these years we lived in the same house, she never offered any advice to me unasked. For one who held always an opinion, this, to me, was a remarkable performance. We lived those fifteen years very happily. She had a rare quality of good judgment, which was recognized by her children, who most often profited by it, as they would seek her opinion and advice on any new venture."

My recollections would indeed be incomplete if they did not include some reference to Barbara, that faithful soul who shared our home, our joys and our sorrows for so many years.

Barbara Shinster, a young German girl living nearby, worked for my mother twenty-one of those years while the children were growing. In after years she came and went as one of the family. It always seemed one of her chief joys to come in and do some kind act for mother and us girls. When we were grown ladies entertaining and often on Sundays, she would come down to wash the dishes.

Barbara was an unusual character in many ways. Where could one find a more tender heart or loyal friend? To do kind deeds for others gave her the keenest delight. For years she assisted in many of the homes of Rush whenever a birth occurred, and often stayed to carry the mother's responsibilities until she was able to resume her tasks. She did countless washings, and no task was too menial for her if in doing it she was helping someone.

When Barbara was forty, a widower, John Smith, a Civil War veteran, came courting. It was not long before the whole town was eagerly awaiting details of a wedding. Barbara's answer to questioning was novel—and very like her. She told her friends to come to the church on a certain Sunday eve-

ning. At the close of that regular service, Barbara and John stepped to the altar and were married. Later a reception was given them. Her husband's death preceded hers by ten years. During those years she lived alone, unwilling to go to friends or relatives who offered to share their homes with her.

For years Barbara marked soldiers' graves in Rush Cemetery, and no soldier's grave was without its flag on Memorial Day. Many other graves she lovingly tended, and one of those most often visited in her last journeys to Pine Hill was that of our dear Kenneth.

To see her growing feeble, with no one to care for her and without conveniences, made a heart ache, but it was her choice. When the news came that Barbara had gone Home, many felt a sense of relief as well as sadness, for she was taken in usual health, attending her daily routine, unhampered by illness. To her funeral came her friends—old and young—till the church was filled. No one in the town has ever been shown greater respect or tribute. Upon her casket lay the blanket of red roses "Ellen's children" sent, as she would have expressed it. Those children who had been so dear to her were all present, one having come from New York City. As the final benediction to a life well lived, another sang one of the old hymns she had loved. At eighty-five she had completed her task, had tended the last grave, and one of the most loved and unusual characters Rush had known through the years had been called to her reward.

Highways as I Remember Them in Town of Rush

By JOHN H. BEHNK, Jr., Rush Highway Superintendent for 24 Years.

A highway is a specified line of travel over land, an easement enjoyed by the public of freely passing, a public thoroughfare as distinguished from a private way by its being dedicated by grant of record by legislated act to the free and absolute use to the public forever. Later, there were some toll roads.

The custom of most countries is that when traveling on a highway, one should keep to the right of center line.

I remember when all the roads in the Town, County and State were either dirt or gravel, mostly dirt. Only the main roads were gravel topped. In the spring after the frost was out, most roads were badly rutted and some impassable except by horseback.

There was no highway superintendents then. Roads were in districts and someone living in the district was appointed by Town officials to keep his section as passable as possible. He was called a pathmaster, and on certain days he would have his neighbors haul gravel onto the roads. Our town was fortunate in having gravel pits in nearly all sections of the town. The farmers with teams drew gravel and those who did not have horses would shovel in the gravel pits. By doing this, they worked off some of their taxes.

There was a cinder path between Rush and Rochester. It was built on the side of the highway quite a ways from the main track. It was three or four feet wide, four or five inches thick with cinders. They were plentiful then as much soft coal was used. The cinder path also ran from Rochester to Lake Ontario. I made the trip once and back on a bicycle. After it was built, the cinder path was maintained by a man who lived near it, and had a horse-scraper and roller. This work was paid for from a fund from the sales of bicycle tags, that cost twenty-five cents a season and were placed on the right-hand fork of the cycle. If you were caught on the path without a tag, you were subject to arrest and a penalty imposed. Also, the same if you were caught speeding.

As the time came for better roads, the pathmaster system was abolished and two men, one from each political party, were nominated and voted on for highway commissioner to serve for a two-year term. From then on, the roads improved. All the roads in town were town roads: there were no County or State roads. They came later.

The first improved roads were made from fieldstones placed in a prepared trench and filled with gravel. Later, the town bought a stone crusher, and the stones were crushed and graded. There were plenty of stone fences made from stones picked off the fields as farm land was improved, also from

piles they had stored up in fence corners and on unused land.

The crusher was powered by a steam engine, hired by the town in off-threshing season. The crushed stone was elevated to a large bin that had a revolving screen with different-size holes: first, small ones where the fine chips and dust dropped into a compartment, then coarser holes and on down to the end where the larger size fell out.

All roads had names. Some were called by a family name, or by location. Some had Indian names. In the spring when the frost was out, the roads dried out and the weather settled, the commissioner would scrape all roads with a four-wheel scraper hauled by two or four horses.

The Town Board would designate a certain amount of money to be spent on a section of some road, mostly a main road. Our main roads were the East and West Henrietta, the Honeoye Falls Road, the Mendon and the Rush-Scottsville Roads.

The commissioner would stake out in the center of such roads a section to be improved. Generally, they were twelve feet wide. He would scrape out a trench one foot deep that was filled with either fieldstone gravel or crushed stone, which was rolled by a steam engine. Later, they were rolled by the steam roller. The crushed stone was hauled from the crusher and bin by horses and a wagon that was equipped with dump boards. The bottom was made of 3-inch by 4-inch timbers. The sides were 2-inch planks, 12 inches high and 8 or 10 feet long; they were kept upright by boards at either end, to form a box that held one cubic yard.

If it were crushed stone that was being used, the driver would load his wagon with stone either from a fence or stock-pile, haul it to the crusher, unload it by hand onto the platform built around the crusher. The stones were then elevated to the bin. The driver, after he unloaded his wagon of stone, pulled under the bin, let down a chute of whatever grade he wanted, and haul it out on the road.

Generally, there were four or five teams hauling to the crusher and to the road all the time. After the trench was filled, it was rolled by the same steam engine that ran the

crusher. Later years, when steam rollers came out, they were used and did a better job. A man on the road would help the driver unload. They would take out the end boards and lift up the bottom boards until all was dumped, then put the boards back in place. The driver would repeat the process; it was hard and slow work. A new dump box was put on the market and the town bought four of them. They sat on the running gear of a wagon. The driver would haul his load on the road and by tripping a lever, the load would drop out. The bottom was raised in place by a foot ratchet. You just pumped it up and down, and a chain shaft would wind and raise the bottom. It saved work and time.

After the stone was rolled, they were filed with smaller grades, and sometimes were wet down with water from a water wagon. This system was called macadam after a Scotch engineer by the name. The name stuck through the years and the method is still used on some type of highways.

In later years, a county system of highways was set up in the county. A civil engineer was appointed and called county engineer, and later, county superintendent of highways. The county took over some of the main roads which were called county roads; still later the State Highway Department was organized: it laid out the State roads on main highways in the town, as I recollect.

The State took over most of the main highways, the East and West Henrietta Roads, the Scottsville-Rush Road, the Rush-Mendon, the Rush-Lima... it built or rebuilt them and maintained them. The County took over the East River, Avon, Woodruff, Honeoye, Middle, Rush-Henrietta Town Line, Pinnacle, and Phelps Roads and either built or rebuilt them and maintained them. The Town, as I recall, has only 19.62 miles of town roads left; it built and maintains them. At present, there are 16.09 miles of State roads, 27.02 miles of County roads and 19.62 miles of Town highways.

Later, the office of highway commissioner in towns was done away with and a new name of highway superintendents was given, using the same procedure of election as before. A two-year term from opposing political parties prevails.

Tar was used at first to bind road surfaces together. It was heated in a kettle and poured by a man from a watering pot with a wide nozzle. Later, it was heated in a tank on a truck chassis and distributed through a hose by hand. It had a spray nozzle on the end of the hose. There is very little tar used now on highways; it is mostly asphalt because of its flexibility. I can remember when there was not a foot of hard-top road in town. Now, every foot of highway is hard topped. The State took over all main roads and the County took over secondary roads. The Town has the rest. The last one to be hard topped was finished about a year ago (1961).

The snow in winter was first shoveled by hand and scraped out with horses, a slow process. After World War I, the County bought several army trucks and gave each town one. They had hard-rubber tires and were equipped with a reversible blade about a foot high. It was quite an improvement over the old system, if the snow was not too deep.

As traffic increased, the demand for more snow-clear roads grew, so the town bought a big caterpillar tractor, which is still used when needed. It was first equipped with a wooden plow, called a "V," plow with two wings that were controlled by two men standing on the back with chain hoists. As the plow was out day and night in snowstorms, it was a cold job for the men, so the town bought a big all-steel plow fully controlled from inside the cab of the tractor. It is still in good shape but is seldom used now.

As times demanded year-around roads day and night, the highway department is equipped with four large trucks with plows that can cope with almost any kind of weather. A man is stationed at the town garage all night, and he is either alerted by a county system or by his own observation of the weather. So when you wake up in the morning and look out and see there has been a snowstorm through the night while you were asleep, someone has been awake. You jump into your car and drive to work, thanks to the highway department.

The foregoing was completed by Mr. Behnk a few days before his death December 19, 1962.—B.A.H.

Reminiscences of West Rush 65 or 75 Years Ago

By GEORGE BOCK, 1953

Darwin Goodnow was a shoemaker; built a shop; farmers all wore leather boots.

Ernest Rasloff was a shoemaker hired by Goodnow.

John Mattern, shoemaker, worked later with Goodnow and then opened a cobbler's shop.

The Goodnow house was about the oldest in West Rush village.

The cooper shop in West Rush was later run by James Kelly.

Around 65 years ago mail was distributed from the house of James Bacchus (cobblestone house on the north side of the West Rush-Rush Road). Later the post office was in the Chapman store.

The Erie was a wide-gauge road, about 18 inches wider than the standard. When the track was narrowed the ties were chopped off about 18 inches, from Rochester to Avon. This was accomplished in one day, a Sunday, with two gangs working, one from the north and one from the south.

The Erie was begun by a stock company.

It is said that the Genesee Valley Canal was "sort of a failure," owing to the flooding of the river, but it handled a lot of grain, lumber, etc. The Genesee Valley was rich.

Oil at Olean was drawn in wagons.

The Peanut Branch of the New York Central had engines with diamond-topped stacks. They burned wood, which caused many fires. They took wood on at West Rush where there was a chippyard, just east of the station, and a covered shed to keep it dry. The wood was bought from the farmers and sawed by horsepower into two-foot lengths. The Erie Canal Company surveyed from Canandaigua west to the Genesee River, then gave up; the Central, a standard-gauge railroad,

took over. For several years until a bridge could be made, the railroad went just to the river at Rush Junction (Golah). The one-hundred-foot-long wooden bridge was covered. A watchman was on duty all the time in case of fire. The engineer had to shut off the throttle to prevent sparks flying out. I was there when, more than 50 years ago, the old bridge was torn down to make way for an iron one.

On the Stull Farm at Golah there were a number of blackened spots in the soil indicating the former presence of Indian campfires. There were many clear springs. An iron trunk belonging to the Stull family was found; it contained Indian relics, bones and skulls.

Church was held in the schoolhouse on Sunday afternoons. Thirty to fifty persons attended. The Methodist minister came from Rush or Henrietta. Mr. Richardson of West Rush preached also. (He was blind.—B.A.H.).

In the West Rush cemetery digging was so hard that it took two men more than a day to dig a grave in winter.

Jonas Rotzel came from Pennsylvania in a covered wagon. His son was William, father of Warren, whose children are Clare, Harold and Grace.

Around the turn of the century or before, much produce left West Rush; John Hamilton had six or seven men loading cars. Potatoes were drawn from lot to car. For a while there was no cabbage in quantity.

My mother raised "domestic cabbage" from seed she saved. She sold the plants for 25 cents per hundred. There was lots of grain raised. It was bound by hand. A man stood on the reaper and raked off enough for a bundle. Other men came along and bound it. Later, a self-raker was invented where the driver stepped on a pedal and enough for a bundle fell off. When the self-binder came in, people began to lose cattle and horses from bits of wire used to tie the bundles. These went through the thresher and got into the animals' fodder. The early self-binder didn't divide the bundles. The "Minneapolis Twine Binder" was heavy; it took three good horses to pull it. Threshers all used horsepower.

Men worked for one dollar per day. Families had a barrel

of sauerkraut, a barrel of pork, and twenty-five pounds of coffee (for winter provisions).

Beans were barreled, a very few sacked. Poor people picked them over at 25 cents a bag. A whole family picked about a bag of an evening.

Nearly every spring bridges were swept away. For years they were of logs from trees long enough to reach from bank to bank with piers in the center. The planks used on the logs were 12 to 14 feet long. About the time of the Civil War arch bridges were built—one each year—at Rush, West Rush and Wolf's Bridge. Lots of places could be forded in summer.

There were no compulsory school laws. Children left school when their help was needed at home.

First Quantity Potato Growing Recalled

By COLLINS SISTERS, Honeoye Falls, N. Y.

Thomas Collins moved to Number Six in the Town of Rush in 1865, the first Irish family in the locality.

Between 1865 and 1874 he planted three or four acres of potatoes, back of the little red schoolhouse on the Markham and Puffer place (Elm Place).

This was the beginning of potato growing in quantity here in town. People contended that it could not be done successfully. Among these was Ira Green, who shortly after went into it on a large scale.

He Gave Land for No. 5 School Site

By EVERETT GREENE DARROHN, Scottsville, N. Y.

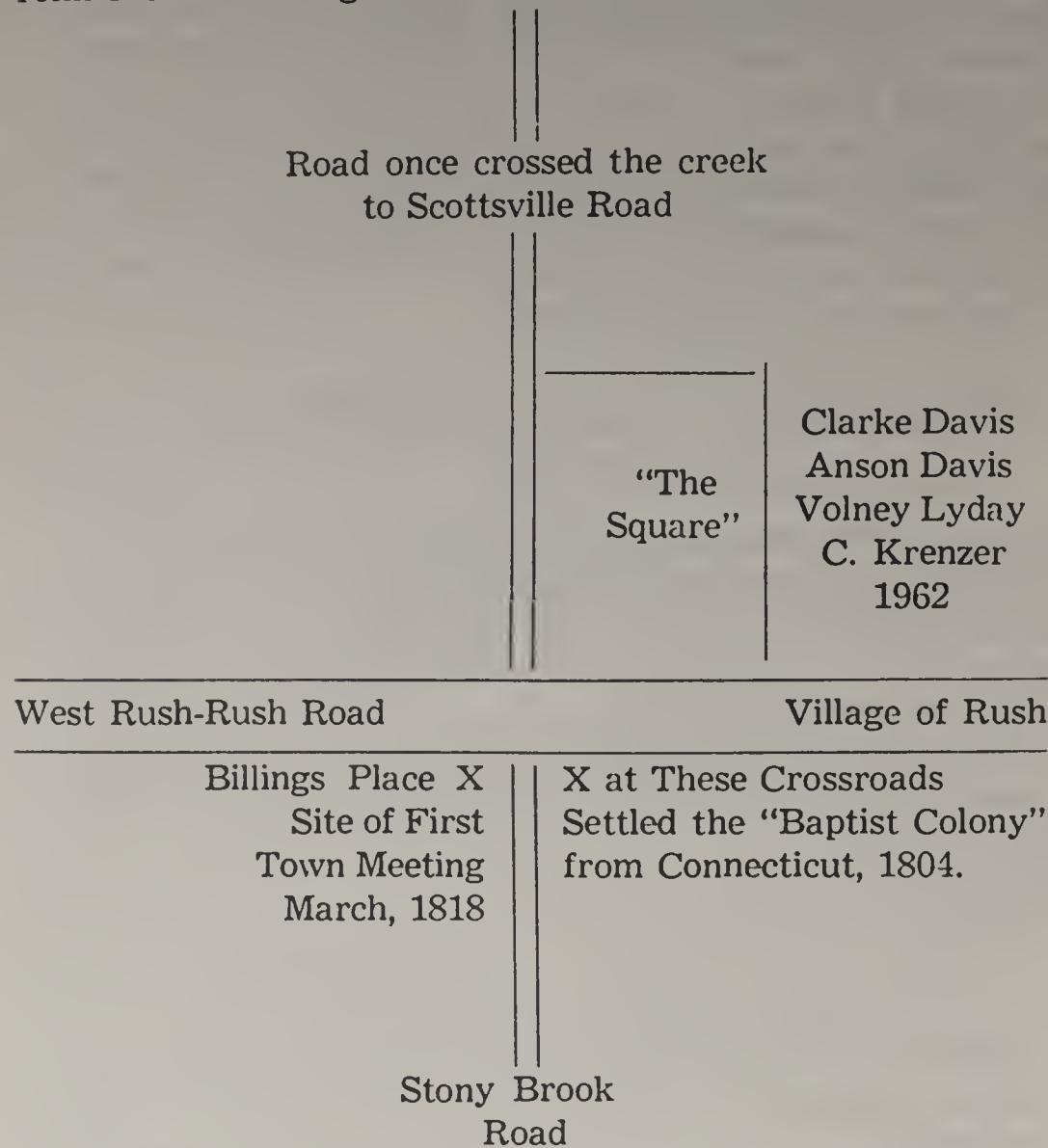
Nathan Green, my grandfather, gave the land for the No. 5 schoolhouse.

The Thomas sawmill on the east side of Fishell Road Extension and just west of the curve of the Rush-West Rush Road was the first in town.

That end of the Fishell Road was once a lane. Some folks wanted to close it but it had been used so long that the authorities wouldn't allow it.

Down by the creek and north of the present railroad back of the Clarence Krenzer place, Shelby Green, not a relative, had a race track.

This design shows the location of the "Square" as Mr. Darrohn recalled having heard it stated.—B.A.H.



Dwelt in House Where Rush Was Named

By JOSEPH F. DARROHN, Honeoye Falls, N. Y.

I have been told that the Town of Rush was so named in what for many years was my home. It is now (1960) owned by Emil David, the big, square house on the north side of the

Rush-West Rush Road near the crest of the hill overlooking the present town sheds, once the District 5 schoolhouse.

Rush 50 Years Ago and Now—1960

By JENNIE CLAYMAN deCLERCQ

I was born in East Rush, January 8, 1876. We had a big yard to play in, and one of my earliest recollections is playing with my sister Ida who in some way sustained an injury to a leg that necessitated walking on crutches. My father was a first-class mechanic and he made a very pretty pair of crutches for her.

We usually had a horse, cow, chickens and a couple of pigs. The creek flowed past our place, and one day while digging for worms for fishing, sister Mae was picking them up when down came the hoe on top of her head, making a bad cut. I think I was lucky for I do not remember an injury of any kind.

The Wilsons lived next door to us. The two daughters, Daisy and Mary, were enough older than we to take us in hand. A son Howard was quite resourceful. He made a printing press and put out a little paper called "The Echo." Minnie (a sister, Mrs. Albert Greene of West Rush) has a copy with her birth notice.

About this time my brother received an injury in the right eye. We had an able doctor, when he was himself, but too much of the time he was a victim of alcohol. He looked at Brother's eye but delayed sending him to a specialist until the injury was fatal and the sight of the right eye was lost.

When I was about twelve most of the girls were wearing short hair. I wanted to have mine cut and kept teasing and threatening until Mother gave in. I sat on a little black rocker and Mother took up half of the hair on the right side of my head and snip went the shears. Suddenly, I didn't want it cut but, alas! too late. I begged her not to cut it too short and then it made me look like a Hot-en-tot. A kind neighbor gave me some pomade that pasted it down. I didn't speak on Children's Day, though I had a new dress.

Mother and father went to Pennsylvania to visit her brother, leaving us in charge. I went up into the hay loft, saw something in the hay and called "Kitty, Kitty." I was surprised and frightened to see a man's head appear. I went down a lot faster than up. After a while the man came to the house and apologized. He saw the barn doors were open and thought it would afford a place to sleep. Doors were closed thereafter.

I wanted to go away to school but that was impossible unless I helped myself. In 1895 I went to Geneseo and for a year and a half worked for my board. I tried teacher's examinations and got a permit to teach. In four years I completed the three-year course at the Normal. Through a friend I learned of a school in Cazenovia looking for a teacher, and secured the contract. I came home wearing a diamond ring. In June Arthur deClercq came with me to meet the family and plan marriage. Father was building a new house on the site of the old one and wanted us to be married in the new one. (Ernest Dell place, 1962).

I did not want to change my name in mid-term so we were married in church July 24. We went to Buffalo and Niagara Falls and were back in Cazenovia for Arthur to play the organ in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday, and so began my life as Mrs. Arthur H. deClercq.

The greatest change in Rush is in what was our home. There were two great shop buildings...the blacksmith and woodworking and paint shop. I never knew of their demolition and the great fill that was made toward the creek. Hundreds of yards of earth were deposited toward the creek, and most of the trees my father set out are gone.

We had high water every spring, and one year a great ice gorge formed so the water came into the cellar and reached to within a foot and a half of the floor above.

There was a gristmill just below the dam on the far side of the creek and a sawmill on the opposite side.

Fire consumed the gristmill and lumber mill opposite our shops.

In 1892 the Lehigh Valley Railroad went through the vil-

lage. The Rochester connection went three miles to the east. it was a great disappointment.

In my youth farmers drove their sheep to the creek to wash and herded them under the wood shop. Our old house was removed to a site on the Rush-Mendon Road and made into quite a livable home.

Now, in 1960, only three or four families remain that I used to know.

Except for the lovely green area where the gristmill and flour mill used to stand and the Shelby Green corner (corner Scottsville Road and East Henrietta Road.—B.A.H.), the village looks pretty much the same as always. Most of the homes, however, are owned by different people and the sidewalks have deteriorated.

The Methodist Church, a white wooden building of churchly architecture of 1800 and earlier, burned down. Services were held in the Town Hall across the street for a few years until the present church was built. That and laying out the park were significant events of those years.

When Beans Simmered on Schoolhouse Stove

By MAY CLARK FISHELL (Mrs. Clayton), Rush, N. Y.

The schoolhouse in District No. 6 on the Number Six-Honeoye Falls Road was a one-room frame building heated by a stove on which a kettle of beans was often simmering. As a reward, a "good pupil" might be allowed the privilege of stirring them now and then.

In cold weather a hot potato brought from home in pocket or muff kept fingers warm on the long walk to school.

I remember what an exciting moment it was when the Wadsworth fox hunt came tearing through the fields and over the fences near the schoolhouse.

Four Pioneer Families of Rush

(From Genealogical Notes on the Families)

Between 1801 and 1836, there came into the Town of Rush four families whose descendants were to form in 1903 an

association known as the Price, Stull, Martin and Sherman Pioneer Association of Rush, New York. This society is still in existence and the heritage that is theirs is not forgotten.

The Prices

February 3, 1802

Morning by the Honeoye. A new sound in the air and a new scent in the chilly mist as Philip Price put to fry the breakfast bacon for his sons and helpers who were cutting logs for the first bridge over the creek at the site of the future village of Rush.

In September of the preceding year the family had begun the long and dangerous journey from their Maryland home to the western wilderness. For nearly a month their covered wagons, drawn by three six-horse teams and accompanied by four saddle horses, had lurched over treacherous roads, forded riverlets and rivers, and lumbered over mountains until at last, they had come to Hartford by the Genesee. There they rested and looked about for land on which to settle. Finally, after refusing to trade a horse for one hundred acres in a swampy, snake-infested region, which no one could foresee would become the City of Rochester, Philip bought 160 acres from James Wadsworth, paying \$4.50 per acre. In this virgin land overlooking the Honeoye Creek, he sank the first roots of Home, a home that was to be his and his descendants for generations.

The first house was a substantial one for the times, a block structure, 30 by 40 feet and two stories high. At the first dinner in the new home, his wife Susannah surprised her family by serving wilted lettuce, the seed of which she had planted unbeknown to them. She had brought also from Maryland the seed of a favorite pear tree. This, too, responded with such vigor that a tree therefrom flourished for nearly a hundred years.

When George, probably the fifth son of Philip and Susannah, married Elizabeth Martin, he brought his bride to the homestead to live. A new house was built in 1832. Its brick

for chimneys and shingles for the roof were made on the place, and its "raising" was a gala occasion, people coming for miles to help and to enjoy the variety and abundance of food provided for the occasion. Even James Wadsworth of Geneseo were present. George and Elizabeth had eleven children, the eldest daughter marrying an early Rush physician, Dr. Andrew Kingsbury, and others marrying into the Sherman and Lyday families. With one exception, the sons, also, made their home in this vicinity.

A son Peter was only eleven years old when he came West with his parents. Later, he married a neighbor, Rebecca Jeffords, daughter of pioneer Nathan Jeffords, and became a lawyer. He was self-taught. In 1811 he was elected a justice of the peace. He sent to Canandaigua for a law book, which he studied to such advantage that he was elected to many important offices and became known as the "Honorable Peter Price." He was the first town clerk of Rush (1818), was supervisor of the town from 1821 to 1831 and again from 1841 to 1847, a judge of the Monroe County Court, and a member of the State Legislature. He died in 1848.

Susannah, the only daughter of Philip and Susannah Price, who lived to maturity, married Jacob Stull.

Jacob Stull

The aura of romance still clings to their story. Jacob, too, lived in Maryland, and either came west with the Price family or followed immediately for before Philip had his cabin up, Jacob and Susannah were man and wife and living in the first house north of the creek in the section to be Rush. Before this crude shelter was finished John Price Stull, first white baby born in the northern part of town, put in his appearance. Whether this family story deals with him or with another of Susannah and Jacob's brood of twelve, we do not know. However, it shows the perils of the time. One day an Indian came to the cabin and showed great interest in the child. Finally, he indicated that he wanted to take him home to show his tribe. Susannah was terrified. What should she do? If she refused it might bring danger not only to her own family but

to the settlement as well. Finally, she let the baby go. In due time the Indian brought him back, safe and sound.

The Martins

In Frederick, Maryland, lived a friend of the Stulls and Prices, Jacob Martin. Such glowing accounts of the Genesee Country had come to his ears that he finally decided to visit his old neighbors and see for himself. He and his son started out on horseback. They made a lengthy visit, during which they walked to Lake Ontario, blazing the trees on the way down in order to find the way back, and viewed the future site of Rochester unmoved. Rush held out promise. His mind made up, he returned to Maryland, sold his farm and brought his family west. He bought four farms in this vicinity, one for each of his sons, put up a log house for himself (now 5433 East Henrietta Road) and with his wife lived out his life on the land, now the homesite of a great-great-granddaughter, Mrs. Ida May Kuhls. The present house is the third on the site.

On this farm was the first grafted apple orchard in the Town of Rush. Jacob's son John, returning on horseback from a visit to Maryland, brought the scions tied to his saddle. They grew and flourished, bearing quality fruit.

The Shermans

The fourth family, the Shermans, came much later than the preceding ones, and from another section of the country.

In the fall of 1836 Henry Sherman of Pawling, Dutchess County, New York, and his son Hallaway purchased a farm in Rush. In 1837 the family came by way of a sloop from Poughkeepsie to Albany and by the Erie Canal from there to the "West." Owing to rough weather and a break in the bank of the canal, the journey took three weeks.

Their first house was of logs but was soon replaced by a large frame dwelling on a productive farm on what we know as the Rush-Scottsville Road. From thence their children went forth to found homes in Rush and neighboring towns.

Hallaway, the eldest, married into the Stull family and lived until his death in the house built by Dr. Socrates Smith, in the

north end of which is the present Rush post office (1962). He was a farmer.

Howland married Mary Price and later removed to Avon. He was a farmer and breeder of fine stock.

Fitz James married Lavina Martin. He, also, was a farmer, and an assessor of the town for many years. His home is the present Martin Ness residence on the corner of the Rush-West Rush and Five Points Roads.

Joseph lived on a part of the homestead farm. He followed farming as well as entering into the political life of the town. He was supervisor of Rush for years, chairman of important committees, and president of the Western New York Agricultural Society for seven years. A daughter, Mrs. Emma Olive Sherman Howell (Mrs. Robert) who resided in Rush, died in 1863.

* * *

In drawing the final curtain on these four families of Rush, whose names no longer appear on our town roll and whose descendants here are few, may I quote the following from a paper read by Mrs. Horace L. Bennett at a "gathering of the clans" some sixty years ago.

"They were brave, else they had not been pioneers; they were industrious, for we see the fruits of their labors; they were honest, because they died respected by their fellowmen. Bravery, industry and honesty, what foundations for human character!"

"From Genealogical Notes of the Price-Stull-Martin-Sherman Families and their Settlement in the Town of Rush Prepared by Members of the Families."

Fairs and Card Parties an 1898 Vogue

By ANNA LYDAY GOFF (Mrs. Albert)

Around 1898 a fair was held annually for several years at Number Six. First it was at Bryon Diver's place, then when they moved to Rush it was held at Jacob Covert's.

When I was small, they held Sunday School at the Number Six schoolhouse.

Around 1898 there were many card clubs and pedro parties at No. Six. Folks would go in sleighs through the lots if the roads were drifted. When the small children got sleepy they were laid on the beds with the wraps. Lamps would be borrowed if necessary, and it was a job to clean and return them. The hostess furnished supper, usually sandwiches, fried cakes and coffee. We met nearly every two weeks.

Guernsey Goff, father of Albert and grandfather of Raymond, lived in the next place north of our present home. He had 17 acres. He came from Connecticut about 1805 and lived at one time in the Finley house in Rush (Finley's Dairy).

The Goff farm was Wadsworth land. Albert Goff bought the present farm at 8788 West Henrietta Road.

Guernsey Goff's father was blind from working at the shoe trade. Then he learned coopering, and made pails in Rush.

I was a daughter of George Lyday and lived up a lane on the Number Six-Honeoye Falls Road.

Church History and Anecdotes

From Graves Sisters, Emma, Anna and Almeda (Mrs. Frank Faugh)

Rush Methodist Church

In the old days, class meeting, as it was called, was held in the back room of the church before services began. There was no division into classes, old and young joining in a service similar to that of prayer meeting. Testimonies were given by the older members such as John Keeler and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Justice, Homer Keyes and others. After church came the regular Sunday School session when very small cards with Bible verses were given to the young pupils.

It was often quite hard to raise enough money to pay the minister. A donation was given yearly, the proceeds being applied to his salary. At one time a ham was given as a present to the minister, but, though it was not at donation time one of the trustees insisted that it, too, should be counted.

It was a somewhat stiff and solemn era when churchgoers frowned on levity of any sort on the Sabbath. A young man, whose Sunday suit bore the scent of the "weed," was taken to

task by an old lady. When he protested that he had not been smoking, she said sternly: "Young man, it is worse to lie than to smoke."

Revivals were held frequently and aroused great excitement and fervor. Socials were a part of the lighter life of the church as well as a means of increasing its income. Some were held on the church lawn; others at the homes of members. Ice cream and strawberries were served in June; mush and milk and pumpkin pie might grace the menu in October. There might be a maple sugar festival in March and a harvest home in August. In midsummer came the Sunday-School picnic. Sometimes it was held at a city park or at a lake, but more often in a nearby grove. How the tables groaned with food and what a good time was had by all!

For many years finances were bolstered by the sale of tickets for a lecture course. Here is the program for one held in 1900: It opened with a Home Talent entertainment, which was followed in a week by a lecture, "My Pennsylvania Dutchman," by the Rev. Byron H. Stauffer. A week later came another lecture, "A Chip off the Old Block," by the Rev. F. S. Parkhurst. A third lecture by the Rev. E. Olmstead and a "Musical and Elocutionary Entertainment" concluded the course. Course tickets were fifty cents each; single admissions for the lectures, fifteen cents; for the entertainments, twenty-five cents each.

Around 1912 was held the first of the yearly Flower Carnivals under auspices of the Ladies' Aid. Later, an organization was known as "The Rush Floral Union" At first, the church was used for displays of fruit, flowers and vegetables as well as for the entertainments. Then tents were rented for the exhibits. The show lasted two days. There was a parade, a baby show, supper, and an entertainment each evening.

We look back on those years with fondness. Truly, they were the "Good Old Days."

Anecdotes

From EMMA GRAVES, in her 96th Year

Years ago, Mary Ward wished to have a restful vacation at

the Thousand Islands for three weeks during warm weather, and asked me if I would stay with her mother which, of course, implied taking her place and doing her work. I told her I would.

In the family were her mother, her brother James, and Henry Wright who worked for Mr. Ward by the day. It was a pleasant home in which to stay and everything moved along very smoothly. Mrs. Ward, Mary's mother, was sweet, kind and sociable

One day she thought she would like me to bake some cookies, and she proceeded, step by step, very minutely, to give me her recipe—her usual recipe. Following her directions carefully, I baked the cookies, but when they came out of the oven, they looked anything but good cookies.

The dear old lady then remembered that she had forgotten to include one very important ingredient, and ended the dilemma (as I remember) by saying: "We'll throw them right into the swill barrel"—which we did.

* * *

Some years ago we, with Mrs Minnie Martin (Mrs. Clayman's sister) were invited to dinner by Mrs. Martin's niece (Mrs. Hiram Johnson, Ruth Blair), who lived in Hilton.

After a pleasant day with our friends, we started homeward, intending to get home before dark.

When we reached Spencerport, Anna, driving Frank's sedan, we realized the weather was rapidly changing and a storm was near. The snow began to fall in very large flakes or handfuls, a better term for the large, soft flakes clinging to each other

In spite of all the wiping of the windshield that could be done, it was impossible to keep the glasses clear enough to see the road ahead, and soon after leaving Spencerport, Anna was obliged to keep her head out of the open window in order to see where to drive during the rest of the trip.

Owing to the slow driving and the storm, it was really dark by the time we came to Scottsville.

We were not without good cheer, however, for "Aunt Minnie," as we called her, sang line after line of the good, old-time hymns until we reached her home in the Alfred Brown

house. (6158 Rush-Lima Road).

Knowing the road well from there, we were not long in making the rest of the trip where those at home were glad to see us.

* * *

This little incident did not happen in my experience, but was found in a book of instructions to teachers. Among many instructions was this one:

"Never give 'don'ts' to children, rather give them something to do."

A young teacher, who evidently had not read this book or who had no faith in its teachings, proceeded on the first day of school, in the morning, to lay down some "don'ts" to the pupils.

Among them was, "Don't climb on the schoolhouse roof."

Probably the children had not thought before of doing this, but when the teacher walked into the yard at the end of the first recess she found her pupils up on the roof.

* * *

In our school a little mouse used to come out of his crevice during lunch time or at any time when the room was very quiet, and search for crumbs.

An old-fashioned coal-burning stove kept us warm in winter, but it gave out very little heat when left for the night.

One intensely cold night our little friend used all the judgment and wisdom he had, but it was not sufficient to save him from freezing to death. In the morning we found him dead directly under the stove.

* * *

One bright, sunny morning in midwinter as I was walking to school, a most delightful song mingled with the sound of the crunching snow under my feet.

On looking in the direction from which the music came, I was much surprised to see on the topmost twig of a tall maple tree, a large robin.

He was not "cheeping or chirping" but pouring out his little heart in full measure as if thanking his Creator for the splendor of the rising sun and for the beauty of the sparkling snow-covered fields.

* * *

From ANNA GRAVES

I do recall what may seem funny or shall I say, "quite out of the ordinary?"

One bright spring day when I was teaching in the village (Rush), my little ones were outside playing as usual at recess time.

The advanced room, from Grades 5 on, had their intermission at a different time, so I cautioned my pupils to be as quiet as possible and not play too near the other room.

All was going nicely when the door between the two rooms was suddenly jerked open and Mr. X, shall we call him, rushed into my room, shouting: "Catch him! Catch him! Don't let him get away!" "Well," I said, "Why, Mr. X, what is the matter?" He said one of the pupils had thrown a snowball into his room. It came through an open window.

I told him I'd take care of everything. So he went back where he belonged. I stepped to the door and called all of my children in and asked them which had thrown the ball. Immediately a little hand went up and the answer was: "I did, but I didn't mean to throw it into Mr. X's room." I knew this to be true.

I did not knock on the door either, just opened it, took the little boy by the hand, stepped into the room and said: "Here is the little boy who threw the ball, and I'll take care of the matter." And that was all there was to it.

* * *

At times Sister Almeda used to take some of the teachers as boarders for a spell.

This time it was the same Mr. X. One of his usual habits was to place his hat and umbrella on the dining table in coming from school. Almeda didn't just care to have him do this so, one day she told him she would rather he would place them where they belonged. His reply was, "It's no worse to put them on the table than it is to put on onions"

But he found another parking place for his belongings.

* * *

Quite often in going to my school in the village, it was necessary for me to walk.

At the corner garage where Mr. Thitchener is now located, a large English sheep dog had taken residence. He was cared for there and appeared to enjoy his home. All seemed to like "Old Bones." I do not know who named him.

It was his custom to sit or lie on the sidewalk until someone passed by on foot, then he would quietly get up, come out and take hold of one's hand, walk a ways, let go of the hand and, after standing watching a minute, go back and lie down again.

He did this with Emma, Almeda and me, at different times. All loved Old Bones and no one feared him.

* * *

When I taught school in Rush with Mr. Z., we will call him, at the beginning of the term in September, he asked me if I would ring the first bell at noon at 12:45, if he did not get back in time.

He boarded at James Congdon's, not far from the schoolhouse. I told him, "Certainly, I'll ring it."

Never after that time did he plan to be on hand to ring the first bell. It became my steady job. Guess he hated to leave his last cigarette, but he never smoked in the schoolroom.

* * *

Some years ago I was in a home where there was sickness and, while there, the doctor, who was Dr. James Sherman, called. The lady of the house introduced us to each other.

I well remember saying: "How do you do, Miss Graves!"

But I believe it came in such a low voice that the doctor did not get the benefit of my greeting.

* * *

One spring day my little ones in Rush School No. 10 were playing during the forenoon recess. I was standing in the outer doorway. The little ones had not looked up from their play, so had not seen me.

I heard one chubby little lad say to a playmate, "If you don't let that grasshopper go, I'll tell Miss Graves."

Evidently he had remembered some of our "Family Talks" on kindness to all of God's creatures.

* * *

One summer afternoon one of my little boys came to me from outside and told me that two of my youngest boys were quarreling. They were each four years old. You see, they had baby sitters as long ago as that.

I told him to tell them to come in. In they came. Of course, I asked why they were quarreling Little A. said: "He has my knife. He stole it!" Little B. immediately denied it. So on, for just a bit. Then I asked Little B. if he was willing to have me feel in his pockets. He was very willing because he knew I wouldn't find it. So I looked, or felt, and found nothing.

Little A. kept repeating: "I know he has my knife."

In those days, as now, little boys wore blouse waists with a tight band at the waist. So when pockets yielded nothing, I carefully slid my hand along the overflow of the little brown gingham waist. And what do you think? The lost knife was found.

And then to top the whole affair, Little B. said he did not know it was there and that he had no idea how it got there.

Beat this, if you can, for four-year-olds.

Of course I talked to them, and hope it did some good.

* * *

At one time a little girl came to me from another district. I do not know why she did not attend school at her own

She very often recited very poorly, so one day I asked her what I should do with her if she did not do better. I did not mean really punish her—nothing like that—just something to cause her to be more attentive.

Her answer was: "I don't know, unless you frown me down cellar."

Later I learned that she heard many such threats from her grandmother with whom she was staying at the time. She had even been told by the same grandmother that she would chop her head off.

I am glad that I never held out such an inducement to get obedience from my pupils.

* * *

From ALMEDA GRAVES FAUGH (Mrs. Frank)

Years ago, Anna and I attended the village school, No. 10, for a time.

I recall so well the day we had a heavy electric storm. The little ones, as well as some of the older ones, became frightened. Miss Bell LaMont from Honeoye Falls was the teacher (and a good one).

She dismissed all work and had us all gather around her while she sang "Precious Jewels."

After a time the storm was over and all went back to work.

* * *

Some of the older pupils in our grades were Daisy Sherman, Mattie Hayes, Ella Caffrey, Minnie Kinsey, Minnie Streamer, Mattie Rodenbush, Marian Edwards, John Kinsey, Charley Houck, Louie and Jake Schnetzer—I cannot recall all.

* * *

Years ago, when the Keyes family were our neighbors, we used to visit or call back and forth. On one of these calls, or perhaps at school, we had planned to go sledding.

A very bright moonlit evening it was when Anna and I, Ray and Freddie met in the field north of Meyer's woods on the west side of the road. And we did have a grand time, riding down the slope to the west (I believe Nettie Desmond was with us), the boys steering the sleds.

Later the thought came to me that I could steer and make the trip alone.

The boys allowed me to start down. Down I sailed in the moonlight—no trouble at all. My landing was not in the plan. Someway I lost control of the sled, went up in the air minus the sled, and came down on my face on a long pile of hard-frozen cow manure.

Result: Cut lip and chin. I can show scars to anyone doubting my word. I was ready to go home. I had had my ride alone.

P.S. The crust on the snow was hard. My sled hit the pile.

* * *

Emma and I were sleeping upstairs in a front room. About four o'clock in the morning, many years ago, we heard a man's voice calling as his horse galloped past: "Joe Colgan's house is on fire!"

It burned completely. (It was over the Mendon line on the Sheldon Road.—B.A.H.)

I recall my brother Frank and a hired man going. Emma and I went to a window where we had a full view of the fire. The Colgan hired girl handed out dishes through a window but found later that no one was taking them.

* * *

The Kern Families

From GRAVES SISTERS and MRS. FRANK FAUGH

Our earliest recollections of the Kern families are very pleasant.

The two brothers, Christopher and Christian, came from Germany. I think both were married in Germany. They settled in a house on the Lyons Road.

Both Kern men married sisters. Christopher married Christina Long; Christian married Magdalina Long, and besides these in the family was a sister of the Kern women, Katherine Long.

As each family increased, Christian built the little house a few rods west on the corner of Lyons and Wardell Roads, and moved there. His family consisted of two girls and two boys. They were Sophia, Christian, William and Mary. The last two passed away while young.

Christopher's family consisted of William, Mary, Anna, Christina, and Rose. All of both families are gone (1961).

Wallace Roberts owns the upper place where the family of Christopher moved years ago. It is opposite the Erastus Harris farm in Mendon (Mrs. Walter Euler, nee Harris, owner.—B.A.H 1961).

Christian, Junior, owned both places where the families first settled (in Rush). He willed all to Wallace Roberts who, as a lad and young man, lived with the Christopher Kern family and used often to say when he grew up he wanted to own the place. So years ago, I think, after William Kern passed away, the girls sold the place to him. The girls were to live there with Wallace and his wife Ruth, but cared for as long as they lived—and so it was. And what wonderful care both Wallace and

Ruth gave them! Anna was the last one and helpless for many months. She had the best care to the very last.

Thomas Lyons

Mrs. Fred Stevens now lives on the Thomas Lyons place (2458 Rush-Mendon Road).

Years ago this farm was owned by Abner Green, a farmer.

A small house used to stand a few rods east of the farmhouse near the spring on the north side of the road.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Mahar lived there when they had but two or three children. Mrs. Mahar told me what a kind and good man he was to them.

Years later Mr. Green sold the farm to Thomas Lyons. He resided there a number of years His family was his wife, four sons and four daughters.

Ella, eldest daughter, married —John Quinn. Thomas Quinn who lived in Rush and passed away after a lingering illness, was their son.

Thomas Lyons built a house on the north part of his farm, facing Lyons Road. Mr. Lyons died before the family occupied the new house.

Stephen D—

At one time Stephen D— and his family lived where Mr. and Mrs. Ray Connor now live. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. D—, two sons and a daughter. They left their farm and rented rooms of the Meyers family.

Mr. D— passed away, leaving the letting out of the farm to Mrs. D—, I believe she sold it, taking a mortgage on it.

The man who bought the farm died, leaving his wife and five young children. After a time Mrs. D— told mother that if the new owner did not keep up her payments, she believed she should foreclose.

Mother did not know the family but she did not want her and the five children turned out of a home. But Mother knew exactly what to do to get word to the woman in a very short time. In fact, it reached her the same day.

Mother repeated Mrs D's word to a certain neighbor, who hurriedly took the word to another good neighbor. She took her horse and buggy, went over and told the widow, who managed to get the money. Later, they bought the farm.

Peter Meyers (Myers)

Many years ago Peter Meyers, from Holland, built the large house that stands on the Rush-Mendon Road very near the Branch railroad that connects Hemlock and Rochester.

His family consisted of himself, wife and son, John, as far as we knew. John grew up and married Miss Mary Goldthread. They had a son, Absalom, and a daughter, Emily. Absalom never married. Emily married her father's hired help, James Scholes. They had no children.

Emily's grandfather, Peter, had some queer ideas. One was that by placing fresh sods from the earth in the higher crotches of his young orchard, the woodpeckers would jar the dirt down into their eyes when they pecked or bored holes in the trunks for grubs or worms. When this would happen the birds could not see, could not find the trees.

Another idea was that when Death came for him, he would ride a white horse to India and thus escape alive.

He passed away in this same old house, and during his last illness he used often to call repeatedly, "Nutcakes and cider! Nutcakes and cider!" My Father would hear him in passing the place.

And, by the way, the old house was built, put together by large oak pegs and hand-wrought nails. The kitchen floor was made of heavy oak planks about one foot in width. Years later, the floor was often scrubbed until it looked not too far from white.

Peter and his wife and, I believe, Emily's father were buried on the sand knoll just east of the railroad track on the north side of the road. Later, they were removed and placed in the Pine Hill Cemetery, Rush.

The later Meyers family bought a farm in our school district where Absalom and Emily lived for years. Both passed away

in this place. (The Webster place off Sheldon Road, Mendon.—B.A.H.)

Warren Wright

The first we remember of the place where Erma White lives (2397 Rush-Mendon Road), was the little house occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Warren Wright and their six children. I think they owned the place. There was a small barn a little nearer the road than is Erma's garage and just south of the barn was a small garden with a low fence and a little gate.

We recall the younger girls, Anna and Mary, when pasturing a very large red-and-white cow with spreading horns along the roadside as far east as the Desmond farm.

Mr. Wright used to work by the day for the neighbors. Anna, you know, married William Euler. Mr. Wright died in his own home; Mrs. Wright lived with her daughter, Anna, and passed away there. All are gone now.

Reminiscences of Alexander J. Gray

"Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning. . ."

It is in the yard of Mr. Fielder on the Middle Road, Town of Rush. It is a building once painted red and stands next to a garage.

How and when it originated I cannot tell. When in use it stood on the Town Line Road between Rush and Henrietta. The district was in the neighborhood known as "Mt. Pleasant." The building was a few rods east of where the Middle Road and the Town Line Road intersect. It was a pleasant situation.

The schoolroom contained two rows of seats facing south. At the north end of the room was an iron stove, an old style. I guess wood chunks were the fuel. All this must have been in 1872.

Among others was a class of four tiny youngsters. The teacher was kind and at certain times of day she let the four of us out when we had the whole yard to ourselves. We gener-

ally huddled in a spot of the yard well to the south in the warm sunshine.

In the class were pupils of all ages and sizes. My first school-book was Sander's primer. I can recall some of the pictures. "Get up. Do not lie in bed all day. You can see the men mow." It was said to a youngster resting in bed on his elbow. Through a window in his bedroom, men were pictured with scythes, mowing.

It occurs to me that you can trace the origin of that little red edifice where my schooling began. Old inhabitants, neighbors of this vicinity, would doubtless have all such information. But in the long years back they have all passed away.

Many a time when passing the Fielder farm has this tiny red schoolhouse taken my attention. To walk up to it and peer through the cracks in the wall recalls the school days of my childhood.

Afterward on what is now the Town Line Road on the same site where once stood the red schoolhouse arose another structure, larger and more convenient. When no longer used it was removed to the George Green farm, placed on the west side of the road, a short distance north of the Fielder place. It is weather beaten and dilapidated, roof fell in recently. Off the north end of the ruin today, high up, can be seen "Rush District No. 3, 1876." (1552 Middle Road. No longer in existence.
—B.A.H.)

In this building, after my term in the red school, here again passed my school days in the district. In the room five rows of desks faced south. A big, round iron stove burning coal gave heat sufficient. We had the three R's. Pupils of different ages, big and little. As time passed came along the changes in teachers. Not much attention was given to class grading. Teacher's salary then compared to now was a mere pittance.

But there came a term when my schooling became intensely interesting. On the scene came a teacher of outstanding ability, Mary E. Gould, up from Rush village after a time in that district. Why did my parents let such a master of the schoolroom depart? All her pupils, boys and girls, followed her, entering our district. They came up by Rush stage, dropped

off at a corner, walked along the road over the reservoir hill to our school building in Mt. Pleasant.

I recall the first morning under Miss Gould. Discipline was perfect. All of us were soon deeply interested... attending school was a pleasure, delightful. There was no compulsory education law in those days, yet no one... wanted to be absent.

At week end each of the little folks was given a small, paper-covered picture book containing a trifling story, because each tiny pupil had been perfect in attendance.

For a half-hour near the close of school on Friday she gave a talk on ancient history, the seven wonders of the world, etc. It was all new to us and she put it in such a fascinating way. By none of us was the talk missed.

She was especially fine in intellectual arithmetic, new to us, and gave prizes in spelling, which became exciting in lively competition....

My teaching of five years in No. 10, Rush, was pleasant. As always, everywhere, there were gifted pupils. Teaching there I could live at home. Often when school closed a niece, Anne, with a little pony and cart, brought me back to the reservoir.

After Rush, I went over the hill to the Cunningham district (No. 5—Townsheds—1962—B.A.H.) In several ways the schoolroom was remodeled for me. We had a large attendance, all enjoyable. After two years there, I accepted a call to teach in a Brooklyn public school. I taught in New York City twenty-two years before retirement.

St. Joseph's Catholic Church

A review of church events of Rush would doubtless please many people. I am not able to recall anything much that occurred in the church in the years preceding my early childhood. Mother was taking me to church in 1881. The congregation met in a large building then on the site of what is now Klick's Oil Supply. After this the building was removed across the road....

Father Leary officiated in 1881 when I was a youngster. Then followed a succession of priests down to 1891 when Father Cluney, whom everyone liked, came to Rush. He sym-

pathized deeply with his people, especially in time of sickness. Every clergyman following Father Cluney has also been mindful and helpful.

Now, previous to 1881 there are several years of the church in Rush about which, as I said, I scarcely know anything. It would take diligent research... to investigate the events of those years.

Storekeepers in Early Rush

From CHARLES GREENE'S Article in "Greene's Fruit Grower."

Mr. Greene, whose early home was at 2458 Rush-Mendon Road, was a nurseryman and publisher in Rochester.

Benjamin Campbell kept store in Rush.

Jerry Beadle, once our village tailor, started a drygoods store in Rochester, called "Beadle Bros."

A. S. Mann had the largest drygoods store in Rochester and was once considered the richest man in the Town of Rush.

In the '60's and '70's the village store was very successful. It had everything from thread to barrels of sugar. Drygoods were on one side, household supplies on the other. The post office was there. In the rear a huge stove burned nearly a ton of coal every twenty-four hours. Business perked up when the stage came in.

Dick Crosby was a storekeeper. He was a kindly gentleman but was not considered "aristocracy" because he did not belong to the church. He played cards and read yellow-covered novels, which was very "bad," so folks thought.

The Hallocks of Rush

By BESSIE A. HALLOCK

The year was 1846. The Erie Canal, somewhat disrespectfully called "Clinton's Ditch," had just turned twenty-one when my great-grandfather, William Hallock, put his family on a packet boat and headed "West." To them that meant the "Genesee Country," or more particularly, the Town of Rush. From being a miller and farmer of Milton, Ulster County, on the Hudson, he became shortly the owner of one hundred acres of what we know as the "Steinfeldt Place." This acreage gradually increased to five hundred, which William, his eldest son, James and his twin sons, John and William, farmed productively. At this date, a portion of the land is still owned by his great-grandchildren.

Peter Hallock, the progenitor of the Rush Hallocks, came to this country from England in the early sixteen hundreds and settled on Long Island. The family were staunch Presbyterians until a grandson, John, brought down parental wrath by marrying a Quakeress. This was their descendants' faith.

Of the Hallock twins, John and William, many family stories are extant. The boys were so identical that the passengers on the packet boat vowed that they could not tell themselves apart. This seemed to be the case when John, glimpsing himself in the mirror, called out: "Why, Bill, I thought I left you on deck!"

At one time the Rush sheriff came up to serve a summons for jury duty on William. "Hold on," said John, "I'm Jack. Bill's down by the woods mending fence." The sheriff started off and John ran down another way. "Bill," the sheriff is coming to get you on jury. We don't want to serve on that case. You run for the barn." William disappeared. When the sheriff began again to read the summons John halted him. "Sher-

iff, I told you I'm Jack. Bill had to go to the barn." Back and forth they kept the man of law running until in disgust he started for Rush. Presently he returned. When John began the former routine, the man pulled out a second paper and grinned. "All right, boys. You've had your fun. Here's one for you." "Aw, come on, Bill," called John. "He's got us both."

Strange to say, the Town of Rush once had a judge who could neither read nor write, yet managed to carry out his duties acceptably. When he undertook to administer the oath to the twins, John stopped him. "The affirmation, please." Quakers or "Friends," as they were called, did not take an oath. The judge shuffled the papers on his desk and tried again: "Do you solemnly swear . . ." "No, no. The affirmation, please." The judge frowned, made another attempt and lost his temper: "Well, what in h---- will you do?" John smothered a grin and repeated the affirmation. "Well, will you?" roared the man of law. "I will," answered John as solemnly as possible. The judge turned to the other twin. "And I suppose you'll do the same as Jack?" he snapped. "I will," replied William. So one twin was sworn in to do the same as his brother.

In 1859 both William and his wife, Phebe Ann, passed away and were laid in the little Friends' Cemetery near Mendon Center. James was now head of the family. He lived in the big white house at the meeting of the roads. William married and moved into the "Brick House," now the home of a great-grandson, and John and his Brooklyn bride began housekeeping in a new square house a short distance down Scofield Road. This house burned some years ago.

The hilltop on which I, granddaughter of James, have lived all my life, although in three different houses, has changed with the years. Great-Grandfather's maples along the Honeoye Road are practically gone, the cherry trees on the south side of the "Road by the Red Barn" are a memory. And only a few of the evergreens remain of what was once a landmark. I am the last of the name on what was once called "Hallock Hill."

Henry Bishop Hart Came in 1874

By BESSIE HART HARMON (Mrs. Harry Harmon) Rochester, N. Y.

My grandfather was born in Pennsylvania and came to Rush as a very young man. His name was Henry Bishop Hart. I believe he was the first postmaster at North Rush. My grandmother had same china which came from the little store which Grandfather owned. The post office was in the store. As for its being a stone one, I cannot say. He was a successful farmer and owned nearly all the land from Hart's Corners (North Rush), to the Genesee River.

The first house was very small so he built the present house (6809 East River Road), with seventeen rooms and eleven closets. He moved the former house across the drive, and we called it the shop. I think the original fireplace remains there.

My father was born in 1843, the eldest of four children. He remained at home until he was married in 1874, then he bought a farm from his father which was below the Erie tracks and extended to the Genesee River.

My grandfather died in 1891 and my father, Roswell Hart, in 1893 bought the farm where my brother Harry lived. A few years later, two as I recall, the State Industrial School bought our farm and that is why we bought my grandfather's farm.

The cobblestone used as the foundation was drawn from Ontario Beach by horse and wagon

He Went to School at "Henpeck"

By EDWARD HARRINGTON, San Leandro, Calif.

My father, Michael Harrigan, worked the James Sherman farm on the corner of the Rush-West Rush Road and the Five Points Road. Mr. Sherman was not living at the time, around 1910, when the place belonged to his daughters, Miss Murray E. Sherman and Mrs. Daisy Houck. They lived there with Mrs. Houck's three sons, James Sherman Houck and the twins, Robert and Frederick.

I went to school at "Henpeck," as we called the little district No. 5, and well remember how good the teacher was to

me. She had sympathy for a tired little boy and would let me lay my head upon the desk and take a nap.

One time the Houck twins had just finished painting their buggy and were very proud of the job. My sister and I had been interested "overseers," so when the boys were out of sight we took a hand at the job. The touches we added were not appreciated by the twins; they had much of their work to do over.

When Fred went to Rush he often took me along but when he started out to call on his girl he left me at home... or thought he did. I hid under the seat and popped out when we were well under way. He took me the rest of the way—quite willingly, under the circumstances.

Father had a hired man, who had been a sailor. He was getting along in years but the "salt was still in his veins." Every now and then he could not resist the call to the sea. After a year or two away he would come back to us and the farm. Then the inevitable happened: he went off and never returned.

He was a bachelor but very good to children. Gathering the youngsters about him, he would take them into Kinsey's store at Rush and buy them candy and other treats. When some tyke had had enough for his own good, he would caution him like a father.

Our Church Remains in Memory

By MARTHA C. HART (Mrs. Harry G.)

From our kitchen window we could see our little North Rush Church.

This is a view we enjoyed for more than fifty years. So near were we that we could easily see and recognize people as they entered its friendly doors.

For more than eighty years this church had stood ministering to the spiritual needs of all who sought it.

It always presented a fascinating picture, standing at the crossroads where the East River and Telephone Roads meet. From no other approach or angle was there a more pleasing picture than from our kitchen window.

In the early spring it was framed by the pink budding

maples. In the heat of the summer many a passerby paused to rest beneath their inviting shade. But in the fall, it was indescribable—surrounded by Nature's beauty of autumn colors.

Then last Sunday we stood by the same window and saw our beloved little white church burn. Silently, between our tears, we saw a building disappear. At first standing so saintly majestic, as if with determination in trying hard to withstand those hungry flames.

And in spite of heroic efforts of chilled and weary firemen and neighbors, the little church was overpowered and gone.

Later, at the usual time, the services were held in a neighboring home. Quietly the congregation met. The choir sang, "Holy, Holy, Holy," and "What a Friend we have in Jesus" and "The Church's One Foundation."

The altar boys usually lighting the White Candles beside the Golden Cross, at that time, as if with dedicated lives, received the offering. Then our pastor, the Rev. Earl Sires, spoke.

In tones of sympathy and understanding, he said, "I realize you are saddened but your church has not been touched by fire. A church is its people. To be sure, you have lost your building and its contents, many of which remind you of departed loved ones. But the functions of your church will continue as if nothing happened."

Kindly and clearly he told us of possible plans. Those who entered that service with dimmed eyes went away encouraged and with a song in their hearts.

From our windows we expect soon to see another place of worship under construction. We hope it, too, will have a steeple and that its soft, far-reaching light will say, "My doors are open. 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy-laden and I will give you rest.' "

Recollections

As Told by MISS MARY A. HAYES

On a ride with Mrs. Florence Lee, assistant historian of Monroe County, and later historian of the county, and Bessie A. Hallock, town historian of Rush, N. Y., April 28, 1948.

The Military Training Field of the 1830's was east of the Herman Schuth place on the north side of the road (Rush-Mendon) opposite the present (1962) Firemen's Field.

William Darron's farm home was once owned by the brother of Judge Peter Price. Later it was the home of Orrin and Adaline Stull Dryer, whose eldest child, Herbert, became the noted Methodist preacher, the Rev. George Herbert Dryer.

The William Mead (e) House, 2210 Rush-Mendon Road, was the home of Henry Price, then of Matthew Stull. Later Mr. Stull moved to the stone house in Rush village, west of the Methodist Church.

Early settlers said that there was evidence of a dam in the brook back of 2286 Rush-Mendon Road on the left side of Pinnacle Road going north. No one knows who built it.

The Myers Place, 2608 Rush-Mendon Road. Peter Myers set out an apple orchard on the south side of the road. In 1948 one log of an original tree remained.

T. J. Jeffords told Miss Hayes' father that a French cannon was drawn out of Sheldon's Pond. Just over the Rush line in Mendon on the west side of Route 15A. This could well be as it is certain that the French general, Denonville, destroyed the Indian village of Totiaction in 1687. The village was on the "Plains" overlooking the present Rochester Junction.

Warren Foote lived in the cobblestone house on Lyons Road, owned now (1962) by Mrs. Charles Klick. Mr. Foote moved to Brooklyn and was in the milling business there. His daughter married William Markham.

The Prices, Bells and Lydays (Liday) came from Maryland.

The Thomas family came from a farm near Lancaster, Pa.

Mount Pleasant school, west of the Rush Reservoir, on the Rush-Henrietta Town Line Road, stood on land given by George Lyday with the proviso that when no longer needed for educational purposes, the property should revert to the Lyday family. The first school building was of logs; the second, wood. A nominal yearly rental of three or six barleycorns is said to have been charged.

There was a chestnut grove south of the Fielder place on Middle Road.

The Edwin Wilson house on Middle Road (1739) was built for George Lyday's youngest son.

Nathan Jeffords owned the Gilbert place, formerly the Albert Keyes Farm. 1658 Rush-Scottsville Road. Mr. Jeffords died in 1819 and was buried in the Jeffords Cemetery, a part of Pine Hill. Woodpeckers pecked the grove badly.

The Ray Lonthair place, 1532 Rush-Scottsville Road, was once a Lyday farm. Mr. Lyday gave each of his sons fifty acres, the eldest receiving this one.

The log house of the Prices was nearer the road than the Alling home, 1484 Rush-Scottsville Road. The blockhouse was on the opposite side of the road.

Hon. Peter Price lived in the present Nelson place, 1426 Rush-Scottsville Road. The front walk was bordered with box.

At Mann's Corners the Stull place is Krenzer, 1962; the stone meeting House (Methodist) was not far from Wasson's stand; the Abraham Rodenbush home, where Cash and Gertrude Rodenbuush now (1962) live; Helmes Tavern, A. N. Green's home, on the northwest corner. Maryland people settled at Mann's Corners. Land was sold in narrow strips. Both the Stone Meeting House and the Lutheran Church just south of 7311 West Henrietta Road at Mann's Corners had balconies around three sides.

The Norris Place, 1215 Rush-Scottsville Road, belonged to Daniel Fishell, son of the pioneer, Henry Fishell. Another son, John, built the cobblestone house at 512 Fishell Road of stones picked up on the farm.

Miss Hayes said that when the Lutheran Church at Mann's

Corners was torn down some of the lumber went into the construction of Henry Hart's barn at North Rush, and that one could see the outline of the windows. The Hart family cannot confirm this.

There was a blacksmith shop at North Rush. The parsonage was two doors farther south.

The James K. Martin house near Fishell Road was bought by the Martin family from Jacob Fishell.

The West Rush hill (Rifle Range) was once covered with wild azaleas that filled the air with their fragrance.

Wolf's Bridge, where Route 15 crosses the Honeoye Creek, was so called from a neighboring family by the name of "Wolf" or "De Wolf."

Fishell Road Extension is said to have once been a lane.

Christle Thomas owned land on both sides of the present Route 15. He lived on the corner of Fishell Road Extension and Rush-West Rush Road. His son Christle lived where Mr. Ness lives, and another son Jacob ran a blacksmith shop where the road curves toward West Rush opposite the Five Points Road.

Thomas Dailey came from Ireland, as did Robert McConkey. They lived on the east side of the present Five Points Road, somewhere south of the barn (Krenzer, 1962).

It is said that the West Rush Road once ran by the Caffery place (Robert Bock, 1962).

Mrs. Barbara Hart once owned the house next to the present town sheds.

Benajah Billings owned the Pasnak place, 975 Rush-West Rush Road. The first town meeting of Rush was held there in 1818.

The village green was near the Stony Brook Road, which continued north, crossed the creek, to the Scottsville Road.

A house built by a pioneer, Clarke Davis, stood on the present 1064 Rush-West Rush Road site. His son Anson lived on the Clarence Krenzer farm, 1090 of the same road.

The apartment house east of the Methodist Church is on the site of the first clapboarded house in town.

The Bushman House, 690 Phelps Road (Kozimor, 1962)

was built by the Rulands. They and the Works family were friends and built near each other, the latter on the Herbert Markham place, 171 Works Road.

The Schillinger Place, 130 Kavanaugh Road, was the old Markham home. There lived the father and grandfather of Charles, father of Herbert. The millstones at the entrance of the driveway were in the old Markham mill.

The Markham Mill was west of the house on the north side of the road. The millrace and pond were on the south side. A flume carried the water to the mill. Jacob Price, the miller, lived on the south side. Col. William Markham reserved two acres at Five Points or near by for a sawmill. Apparently, there was no legal record of this. (Told to Miss Hayes by Charles Markham).

The Bacchus House at West Rush, 42 Rush-West Rush Road, was built by John Green.

Lesson in Courtesy Remembered

By EMMA SHERMAN HOWELL (Mrs. Robert), Rush, N. Y.

My father was a firm believer in courtesy. He was supervisor of Rush for several terms and had a wide acquaintance.

One day when we were driving along the road we met some strangers. Father spoke pleasantly but I did not appear to notice them. When they drove on Father turned to me and said:

"Emma, why didn't you speak to those people?"

"Why, I didn't know them," I answered.

"That makes no difference," he said firmly. "When you meet somebody it is courteous to speak whether you know them or not."

I have always remembered what he said.

Horseback Riding in 1900

By DEANE A. KEYES

Ten or fifteen years ago it was a rare thing to see horses pastured on farms in Rush or nearby towns. Perhaps one, or possibly two farmers could be found who still kept a work

horse. Now the horse population has increased on farms and on properties too small to be called farms. These are the riding variety, not work horses, and it is expected that children at the age of six or seven will begin to think it is time they had a pony to ride.

Before I was that old my two older brothers and I had horses that we rode when they were not being used on farm machinery. We learned to know them and they had their tricks that they played on us. One, I remember very well, was named "Old White," and all three of us could get on his back at once. We ranged in age from five to nine and could ride in any direction except toward Hallock's Corner. Going that way we soon came to a row of evergreens along the road and Old White would head straight for the trees with their low branches. In spite of our combined efforts we'd all be brushed off every time, and the horse would return to the barn without riders.

These were the days when Rochester Junction was a place of importance. Farmers in the area took their cans of milk there in the morning and in late afternoon they could get the empty cans for the next day's shipment. At the age of five I was often sent to the Junction for the empty cans. The horses were trusted to have the judgement the boy of five might not have. Automobiles today are not given the same trust. Perhaps they may be robot-equipped some day and a five-year-old may take the wheel.

Passenger service was a necessity in those days before the autos made this Lehigh service obsolete. Relatives and friends who planned to visit us were usually met at Rochester Junction. Among these relatives were a cousin and his wife, both portly people. One time when they visited us they were bringing a younger friend of theirs, who later became my father's second wife. My own mother was not living then. When the arrangements were made to meet them at the Junction it was decided that I should be sent with the buggy to bring them home. Later the cousins said they were glad to see me with the buggy as I was the smallest of the three boys.

My own idea for giving them more room had been made in

advance and after the three were seated, I shortened the reins and got on the back of the horse. Some of the neighbors who saw us pass were greatly amused and told about it many times after one of the passengers became our mother.

Our fun with horses was quite different from the fun horse-back riders have today, as many of our sources of fun differ from those of today. Naturally, I think those of fifty or sixty years ago were better.

By DONALD W. KEYES

My father, Wayland Keyes, "Wade" to his neighbors, never used even the mildest profanity. Sometimes there were exasperating situations in his busy life as a farmer that might have justified it. On one such occasion, when trying to get a contrary sheep to go up a chute into a double-deck freight car for shipment to Buffalo (the chute was near the Lehigh station at Rush) my eldest brother Harold, then about nineteen, exclaimed, "Damn you, go up there!" Cautioned Father, "Watch your language, Son." One of many sideline superintendents turned to me with a wide grin, chuckled. "You know Wade never says anything but 'My, My.'"

My Rush

By ELMER L. LOCKWOOD, Brooktondale, N. Y.
RUBE'S ROUGH-AND-READY RHYME

Give my regards to Rush,
The Town where I was born
With a lusty yell, breaking the expectant hush.
Early on one frosty September morn.

Query: If the perpetrator of the above comes again to town, who-oh-who will sound the alarm so that a proper lynching party may be quickly formed?

But no one can change the fact or the record. I would be the last one to wish to do so as my memories of an early childhood spent in East Rush are very pleasant. Last August, while spending an all too short day there, I confirmed my memory concerning the house in which I was born. About sixty years ago my father and I were standing in the yard of a steeply

gabled house while we watched the finish of a youth's bicycle grind. Father remarked, "Elmer, this is the house where you gave your first yell." At the time the remark made little impression on me as I was too excited watching the finish of a gruelling race. But last August I went on a house search and found it, to my own satisfaction, at least. Among my father's pictures of old-time Rush, which I prize, are views of two houses. One of them is of the "Green House," the one I remember as 'My Rush Home.' The other is of a steeply gabled house which I am sure I have found again.

The "Green House" surprised me last summer as I stood in the driveway and looked it over. Little changed these many years, it said "Home" to me. There is the same driveway to the barn (now garage) with a stopping place at the office door; there is the "Big Swing" tree in the side yard. But can it be the same tree? There is the same spacious backyard, sloping toward the creek, now so near—then so far, far away. There is the slat fence that I liked to hit with a stick, leading toward the bridge and the village stores. There is the well-remembered Spellman house across the street.

But why doesn't this fellow who takes up so much good space tell us who he is and by what right he includes himself in "Your Folks and Mine." By this right. I was born in Rush just before daybreak on September 14, 1889, to Dr. Benjamin Franklin and Mittie Peer Lockwood. He was the eldest of six children of William Henry and Mary Benjamin Lockwood of Honeoye Falls, N. Y. She was one of eleven children of Andrew and Helena (Ella) Spillane Peer, also of Honeoye Falls. They were married at St. John's Episcopal Church, Honeoye Falls, on February 12, 1884. He received his medical degree from Hahnemann Homeopathic Medical College, Chicago, Ill., and spent a year of postgraduate study at the Medical College of the University of Buffalo, N. Y. Father started his practice at East Rush as an assistant to a Dr. Kellogg in 1886. When Dr. Kellogg moved to Rochester, the young physician and surgeon was on his own.

From various sources I have information that while developing a growing practice, Dr. Lockwood was also taking an

active interest in community affairs. When the committees were appointed for the proper observance of Decoration Day in May 1888, his name appeared on two of them. In 1891 he was putting up a telephone line between West and North Rush, connecting it to an already existing line at East Rush by a "T." He was appointed to the Town Health office that year.

But in 1894 it became necessary for the Lockwoods to leave Rush. Two items which appeared in the Honeoye Falls Times tell the story briefly:

June, 1894. Dr. B. F. Lockwood and family are making preparations to remove to the West. Dr. Haywood of New York will take his place.

January, 1895. Dr. B. F. Lockwood, who has been in practice in this town since 1886, and who recently moved to the State of Minnesota for the benefit of Mrs. Lockwood's health, has permanently located in the city of Austin, Minn.

We lived in Austin until 1899. Mother had recovered her health but was unhappy so far away from home. So we moved back to old York State.

Now that the "How it happened that the Lockwoods qualified to be Rushites" has been told, the "I Remembers" are in order.

I won't try to convince you that "I remember the day I was born," but I was told the story later. All three of the older Lockwoods assured me that I was welcomed into the Lockwood clan. That is nice to know. If not the first event in my life that I now recall, an early Christmas Day is my most vivid memory. At the time I slept in a little trundle bed in the same room with my sister, who was about three years older. I recall being awakened that Christmas morning by the shine of many flickering lights from the sitting room through the open door. Father and Mother came into the room. She was carrying a hand lamp. They took me out to my first remembered Christmas, the Birthday of the Christ Child. I am sure that I did not understand much about the real meaning of our Christmas festivity. I was overawed by the sheer splendor of the symbolism: the lighted candles on the trees and the many

beautiful things hung on the branches or placed under them. Although many happy Christmas seasons followed there never was one that could compare with that one.

However, the aftermath was not so happy. A short time later my sister and I were in the playroom together. Although the phrase "baby-sitting" was not known then, she was probably being an early-day baby sitter, trying to take care of little brother for a busy mother. I probably rebelled at female domination, and the way to assert my masculinity was to break sister's toys. How many I broke before Mother could rush in and stop the carnage, I do not know. But from what I was told in later years the destruction and massacre must have been magnificent. Worst of all, among the recently departed was Edna's new china doll. What punishment I received I do not know. It must have been effective because I understood hereafter that older sister's possessions were hers alone and not to be manhandled. It may have been one of the few times Mother "put hands on her offspring." Father never physically punished either of us. They had other means of maintaining discipline in the family, understandable, fair and effective.

The next memory, rather a two-pronged memory, is that of my first of many "best girls." The little girl across the street and I played well together, so she just had to be "my best girl." When she wasn't at our house I was likely to be at hers. But the fly in the ointment was her elder brother whom I liked very much. When, however, he took up the burden of advancing my education the result was earth-shaking in that neighborhood. I wasn't a bit reticent about letting the neighbors know all the wonderful new words I had just learned. And, of course, the neighbors had to inform my parents that I had become a very knowing child. In the words of the old-time popular song, "I didn't go there anymore." But I still treasure the little miss' picture.

In those days mother was an ardent horsewoman and loved to drive "Old Charley." The other horse, Dick, was strictly a man's horse, but everyone in the village knew and loved gentle "Old Charley." One nice bright winter's day mother took

us children for a sleighride in the second cutter. Everything went fine until we were crossing the bridge toward home. A group of older boys was congregated there. They yelled, "Go it!" He knew just what they meant and away he went, mother hanging on to the lines, desperately trying to bring him back under control. In those days there were high gateposts at the entrance to our driveway. As the horse turned in the sleigh slewed against one of the posts and mother was thrown out. Charley kept going it until the barn was reached. So did mother, holding tightly to the reins and sliding on the frozen ground. When she was asked why she didn't let go of the reins she responded, "How could I while our children were in that sleigh?" Mother ceased being a horsewoman then and there. Never after did I see her drive a horse. She never drove an automobile, either.

Now, about my first remembered haircut. When father put me in the barber's chair I began to cry. From father's later description of the scene I am sure I should say I bawled. When asked the why of it, I blurted, "I don't want his color to rub off on me!" Father said, "Elmer, put you hand on Mr. Brown's face. Now rub hard. See, the color can't rub off. It just happens that people have different kinds of skin. Mr. Brown's is darker than yours, that is all. It won't rub off any more than yours will." The barber then cut my hair without further ado and from then on we were very firm friends.

I recall an evening song service at the Methodist church. A neighbor boy sat beside me. We were thoroughly enjoying the singing when we heard counter-singing beyond the partition of a different song and a different tempo. An explanation from our elders was in order. Very simple: the young people were having their own song service in the adjoining room. Too simple for two imaginative lads. We had a much better explanation. The Devil and his cohorts were in the other room making loud noises to confound the good people and it was the good people's duty to sing them into oblivion.

One glorious day "Uncle Tom's Cabin" came to town and showed in a tent about where the park is today. I was lucky that the first Tom show was a real one, not one of those later

day emasculated or padded affairs, which later broke the Tom show golden egg. For a week before the date we youngsters were in a ferment. What the billboard promised just could not be so. But, luckily for me, the fact lived up to the promise. Uncle Tom was an old white-haired-to-be-loved man; Simon Legree was a cruel-cruel slave driver with a big, slashing bull whip; Eliza was a loving mother, snuggling her wee baby in her arms as she escaped over the raging river on tumbling cakes of ice; the dogs in hot pursuit were honest-to-goodness manhunting bloodhounds (some hunter's blue ticks); Topsy was so happily funny; Little Eve, like Snow White, was "the fairest of them all." When at the Grand Finale she was transfigured, she really went to Heaven. I knew she did. I saw it with my own eyes.

There was a freight train wreck near the depot one night. A large part of the train toppled down the bank into the creek. The engineer was scalded to death. As his engine was turning over he awakened the whole village by pulling the whistle cord for one last terrifying blast. The villagers were doubly saddened at the tragedy when they learned that this was not his regular run but that he had exchanged runs to accommodate a friend. One of the cars which lay partly on the bank and partly in the water, had contained an assignment of beautiful glassware, now well smashed and scrambled. The next morning when we youngsters were allowed to view the wreck, somehow a beautiful Bohemian vase became a Lockwood possession. I understood that beautiful pieces of glassware were prized possessions in most Rush homes.

Perhaps those elderly gentlemen now living in Rush won't thank me for bringing back the memory of how we helpless lads were dressed in the early 1890's. For about the first year at least we wore dresses just like little girls. For show we were togged out in long-frilled and beribboned gowns. Yes, we were. Later came kilts, pleated short skirts and Eaton jackets. The first time I was privileged to graduate to my first pair of "short pants" I was quite pleased and proud. But I ran into difficulty when I went to a church social. I became quite disturbed and embarrassed my mother: I couldn't find

any place to put my crumbs.

Some of the names of early 1890 families I still recall are Brown, Congdon, Kinsey, Longfellow, Markham, Mead, Shaef-fer, Green and Sherman.

When it became evident that to save mother's life she must be given the benefit of a dryer climate, father took her to Aspen, Colo., where one of his sisters and family had a ranch. However, she experienced difficulty in breathing because of the high altitude there. They returned, two very discouraged people. A cousin of mother who lived in Minneapolis, Minn., wrote them that the dry Minnesota climate without the high altitude might be the answer to her dilemma. So as quickly as he could father made arrangements for us to go to Minneapolis, where the cousin had secured an apartment for us and where we could stay while he looked for a good place to start a new practice. The small city of Austin in the southeastern part of the state proved to be a very happy answer. There we lived until during 1899 mother had recovered sufficiently so that we could return to old York State. I was a very interested spectator at the hasty moving proceedings. A young Dr. Hayward (Haywood—B.A.H.) was secured to take over father's practice in Rush. Quick provision for the two horses, a sow, carriage, cutters, barn equipment and some of our furniture was made. We just couldn't part with Bessie, our Jersey cow, who was almost a member of the family. It was decided that she should go with us in the freight car with the furniture. It was decided, also, that mother's young brother Jimmie Peer, who had been living with us, should go as guardian to Bessie and the furniture. When the Lockwoods arrived in Minneapolis, Uncle Jim was there to greet us, happy as a lark. He and our cousins had the furniture placed in our apartment. Bessie was well sheltered in a brick building behind the apartment house and Jim had a room by himself over Bessie's domicile. What better could a young blade ask for, a free trip to see the world and independence (temporarily) from a large family of older folks. He stayed with us until we went to Austin, when he returned to his home in Honeoye Falls.

That, my friends, is "My Rush." I hope you will enjoy the reading as I have the writing.

A Little Political Strategy

By ALFRED LOZIER, Rush, N. Y.

An elderly gentleman and his wife here in town had always been stanch Republicans until the man became disgruntled over the way something was handled, and turned Democrat.

Both old people had strong opinions on the subject and both were quite hard of hearing. They would sit on the porch and argue politics to the amusement of the neighbors.

"If you vote this year," one would declare, not realizing how far his voice carried in the evening air, "I'll follow you right down and cancel your vote."

"If you get there first," the other would declare, "my vote will cancel yours."

And that is just what happened.

\$2 a Day and No Coffee Breaks

By MILDRED DELL MACK (Mrs. Edward)

My father, Ernest Dell, started to work at the Rush Mill on August 1, 1912, and worked there until December 30, 1938.

He then took a job for the Monroe County Sheriff's Office. He was there for a period of a little over twenty years until he retired.

While working at the mill his hours were a bit different than they are these days. They were from 6:45 a.m. until 6:15 p.m. One hour for lunch, maybe, and no coffee breaks, as they have now.

The pay was two dollars a day.

The James K. Martin Family

By DELLA E. MARTIN (Mrs. Warner Martin)

One of the early families to settle in Rush was that of James K. Martin in 1821.

The booklet, "The Record of the Martin Family," states that as a young man in his teens, James K. drove a team for his father on the road between Albany and Buffalo, working

for the government during the War of 1812. Consequently, the young man had some knowledge of this area before leaving his home in Rensselaer County and coming to Western New York.

In 1818, he married Fanny Bristol, and in the spring of 1819 they, with four other members of his family, packed all their earthly belongings in a lumber wagon and started in this direction. The journey took thirteen days, and they had only a small amount of money remaining when they arrived at Black Creek in Chili and set up housekeeping in a tumble-down house, owned by Joseph Sibley.

Our little household of settlers struggled on despite the lack of funds. They gradually brought more members of the family to their new location, including James K.'s widowed mother, Millicent Sibley, who did weaving.

James K. could not get money in exchange for work, but he chopped wood for Judge Sibley for one-half bushel of wheat for a day's work, thereby acquiring eight bushels which he sold at Rochester for twenty-five cents a bushel. This sum of money bought one-third of a barrel of salt to preserve some pork he had raised. He managed to become the owner of a cow, and later, a yoke of oxen.

In January 1821, the family moved to the Town of Rush, living on Wadsworth property. For four more years they labored on, determined to own their own land. In 1825, James K. bought and moved onto one hundred acres, which he purchased for ten dollars an acre, and where he continued to reside until his death. Only about four acres of this land were cleared at the time, and the remainder was gradually cleared, largely by his own hands. The log house was double, with one room being used by his mother for weaving. This acreage is now a part of the State Agricultural and Industrial School at Industry. The original Martin farm was located at the western end of Martin Road. A new house for the growing family was built in 1839. It was situated approximately where Neagah Cottage now stands on Martin Road.

The family was large, for thirteen children were born to James K. and Fanny Bristol: Lorenzo, Stephen Bethel, Elvira,

Lydia, Charles, Fanny, James, Catharine, Joseph, Clarissa, Killian, Henry Ryan and Ward. As the children married, it was James K.'s custom to buy a farm and settle the newly weds on it. Several couples located in West Henrietta, and James in Scottsville. Henry Ryan, Killian and Ward remained in Rush, with Ward the one to stay on the old homestead. Henry Ryan settled on a farm on the East River Road, now owned by the William Hacker family. My grandfather, Killian, located next door, and this property in turn was acquired by my father, Thomas E. (Eugene) Martin. Some of the land was swampy and almost useless, and it was here that my father put in by hand approximately ten miles of tile drain, so the ground could be made productive.

The other farms, once owned by the thirteen Martin sons and daughters, have gradually passed into other hands, so now, ours is the only original farm, still owned by people named Martin, remaining in the Town of Rush.

West Rush Landmarks

By JOSEPH MATTERN

At one time a road ran east from the Avon Road to Route 15, joining the latter near the Five Points-Honeoye Falls Road. It went through the Rotzel (now William Selden) property and past the West Rush Cemetery. (This is shown on the 1858 map of Rush, but does not appear on the 1872 map in Beers Atlas except as a spur running up to the cemetery. —B.A.H.) When the road was closed a stile was built over the fence as a short cut to points east.

The Rifle Range was started around 1913. A large vineyard belonging to James A. Green was back of the Range.

There was an Indian Burying Ground on the Stull Farm at Golah near the lane and another by the river. The former was probably Seneca as the Genesee River was the west boundary of Seneca territory and Seneca Lake the east boundary. The Algonquins were on the river which, when high, washed out the bones so that they could be seen.

I found arrowheads, pipes, skinning stones (celts), etc.

The tomahawk was sometimes made by embedding a celt in a small tree. When the tree had grown around the stone, It would be cut off to make a natural angle. Beveled celts were very rare. There were bone implements, needles made of deer bone with five-inch holes in the middle. Chipped arrowheads were of flint.

Thomas Ward was proprietor of the West Rush Hotel in 1872-3; later, Mr. Daily and Willett Albertson, at different times. The hotel was built in 1826 by John Markham. The ballroom was eighty feet long. Coaches ran from Rochester to Dansville and horses were changed at the West Rush Hotel.

The original road from Avon went north near the Gibbard place (Krenzer, 1963). It is said that Morgan was kept in the

Gibbard farmhouse, in the upstairs ballroom.

Mr. Cookingham had a grocery store; James Kelly, a cooper shop where the road turns toward Avon, and the mill was once owned by Mr. Day. Later, it was the property of Mr. Reist and son Loren. When it burned it was not rebuilt. Joseph Mattern bought the blacksmith shop from George Wood in 1885. Jacob Klink once farmed Markham property that years later is part of Industry.

The Terzo land was once owned by a Mr. Curtis, then by Fred E. Chapman. There was a burying ground just north.

The old cemetery at West Rush was on land given by Mr. Wadsworth for the purpose. It is well filled. Among those buried there are the Goodnows, Hosea Martin, Frank Buck and wife, the Mattern twins, children of John Mattern, Sr., a boy and a girl, who died of diphtheria within a half-hour of each other. There were fifteen children in the Mattern family. The cemetery was used until about 1934.

John Fishell came from Pennsylvania and settled west of Wolf's Bridge, building a house of stone from the fields (512 Fishell Road).

A float bridge crossed the creek back of Charles Brant's (257 Fishell Road) some eighty or a hundred years ago. There was also a nice spring.

The first schoolhouse was built around 1850. The land was given by James Wadsworth and others "to be used and occupied for schoolhouse and out buildings and for no other use whatever." (There was a primitive school much earlier.—B.A.H.)

Yes, There Was a West Rush

By JULIA B. MATTERN

I am sending what I have written about West Rush. So many people do not know there is such a place. I have been told you can never find it on a map, but some pretty good men and women have come out of the little hamlet just the same.

Now for what I have written, it's really more history than anything else but I believe at the present time I'm the only

person in West Rush who has lived there since the beginning of this century. I used to come out to visit the Mattern family since I was twenty months old. I came from Rochester to live in West Rush in 1901 and have lived there ever since.

At that time Albert A. Mattern was station agent for the New York Central on the Peanut Branch from Batavia and Canandaigua and return. In the fall of 1901 he went into the wholesale business, loading cars of potatoes and cabbage and sometimes grain.

In 1914 he liked the Buick car we were driving so well that he decided he would like to sell them, so he signed a contract with the Buick Co. He sold and serviced Buicks for more than forty-four years. The garage he built still stands on the north side of the hill in West Rush. Mr. Ehrentraut is at present doing a used-car business there.

In 1907 we bought a house on the south side of the hill and have lived there ever since. George Bock was the owner at the time.

When first I came to West Rush to live there was no place to rent, so we lived with the John A. Mattern family where Frank McManis now lives.

In 1939 Lewis Mattern bought the church at the top of the hill and made it into a nice home.

For many years Addison Chapman had a country store on the south side of the road, near the top of the hill. But you could not buy a loaf of bread. After a time bread was added to the products sold.

John B. Hamilton lived at the foot of the hill in West Rush many years. He was county treasurer for four terms or sixteen years. He and Mrs. Hamilton lived in West Rush during the summer months and in Rochester the rest of the year. They passed on many years ago and are resting in Pine Hill. Mrs. E. C. Harrigan now owns and lives in the house.

Joseph Keyes built a hotel and lived there many years with his family. All have passed on except a son John Keyes who has his home there and owns the building and property.

There are not many people in West Rush who were there when I came.

James Kelley made barrels in his shop at the foot of the hill on Avon Road. He passed on a few years ago.

John A. Mattern had a slaughter house on Honeoye Creek. He used to butcher calves and ship them to the city or take them himself to the Rochester market.

Joseph E. Mattern at one time had a blacksmith shop on the Avon Road, then moved up the hill and had his shop where the Mattern Garage now stands. Then he built a shop on his own property now owned by Joseph McDonald. Joseph Mattern passed away several years ago.

The Rotzel farm is now owned by William Selden, son of the late Mary Markham Selden of the Markham and Puffer family of Avon and Rush.

In the spring of 1902 we, my husband and I, rented part of the farmhouse on the Weaver farm and started housekeeping.

Joseph Schenkel, an old-timer, still lives in West Rush and has for many years.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Schenkel live on Creekside Drive, in the Reist house, once owned by Mr. Reist who had the mill on the creek more than sixty years ago. Their son Loren Reist lived in this house for a few years before moving to Caledonia where his wife still resides.

Mrs. Schenkel is postmaster of West Rush and has been for several years.

Alfons Mantell bought the Mattern Homestead some thirty or more years ago and opened a grocery store, which was badly needed in West Rush.

Mr. Chapman closed his store and the post office when he became supervisor of Rush. The office passed around until Mr. Mantell got it and held the office about thirty years until his health forbade so much work. Mr. Mantell died in the spring of 1961.

* * *

Note by the Town Historian: Mrs. Mattern fell in the kitchen of her home in West Rush on August 5, 1961, fracturing her left hip. When she was able to leave the hospital her son came from his home in Bridgeport, Conn., and moved her to a nursing home near him. While there, she wrote the foregoing memoirs.

His "Top" Thrilling Experience

By WILLIAM MEAD, Rush-Mendon Road

My biggest thrill was when I was eighteen my father gave me a horse. I saved some money I earned selling buckwheat, bought a new harness for the horse, hitched it to the buggy and took my best girl to church one Sunday evening. I guess that about tops all of my thrilling experieces.

(Mr. Meade [Mead] married Sarah, daughter of Peter P. Stull and Julia Jefferds Stull, who was the daughter of Capt. Nathan Jeffords [Jefferdts]. Sarah was the granddaughter of Jacob and Susannah Price Still, who came here from Maryland in 1801.)

First Alfalfa Thought Worthless

By VIRGINIA OLIVER (Mrs. William)

My grandfather, Robert Rainer, lived in the house on the old Avon Road where Jesse Parker lived for a number of years. Now (1962) it is torn down and that part of the road is discontinued. It is Markham land.

My grandfather sowed alfalfa on the field opposite the north driveway into Elm Place. It was the first alfalfa sowed in town and everyone thought that he was crazy because the grass was considered of no value.

17-Year-Old Youth Opened a Store

By ETHEL CHAPMAN PETTIT (Mrs. Ralph), Elba, N. Y.

I recall Auntie saying that Father was seventeen years old when he opened the store at West Rush. He was born June 7, 1857, so that would be about 1874 when he built the store. An addition was built at the back several years later.

Father was 79 when he died, December 13, 1936. He was postmaster at West Rush for thirty years and a member of

the board of supervisors for eleven years. He was treasurer of Monroe County for two terms.

I guess we were just a family of the usual type of the horse-and-buggy days in my youth.

Traveling to Rochester was a big event in my childhood, and not too often.

I think Uncle Fred Chapman had the first Stanley Steamer car in our vicinity.

Mrs. Rebecca Price

From a Sketch of the Life of One of the Oldest Residents of Monroe County, as printed in the Rochester Post-Express of August 30, 1886.

I was born at Richfield, Otsego County, September 2, 1791. I am the daughter of Nathan Jefferds and I was the first child born of white parents at Richfield. My mother's name was Rebecca Sherwood. My great-grandfather on my father's side came from Wales. My mother's father was one of the Sherwood foresters of England. My father moved from Richfield Springs to the Town of Rush in the spring of 1805. At that time there were only four families north of Honeoye Creek in Rush. There were none in Henrietta and none in Rochester.

The first settlement in Rush was that formed by Col. William Markham and Maj. John Markham. They settled on the farm now occupied by Ira Markham, one mile south of the village of East Rush, near what is known as the "Five Points." They built a gristmill on the banks of Stony Brook, which at that time had an ample water supply. The Markham farm, now occupied by a grandson of the original settlers, has been in the possession of that family for over 100 years. (Schlllinger, 1962.—B.A.H.) Guy Markham was born on what is called the River Farm in 1799 (1800—B.A.H.) and still resides on the same premises.

Previous to 1800 Thomas Daley and Robert McConkey came from Ireland and settled in the south part of the town (South of the barn on the former James Sherman farm—Ness-Henry Krenzer, 1962.) Joseph Jefferds and his twin brother, Benjamin, settled in the north of town in 1803. In 1801 the Stulls

and Prices, forty in number, came into town from Maryland. ... In 1801 the first log house on the north side of the creek was built by Jacob Stull in about the center of the town. (Mann's Corners—B.A.H.). In 1808 Joseph Sibley and his brother Elisha came from Sand Lake, Rensselaer County, and settled on the farm now occupied by Peter Martin on the road leading from West Rush to North Rush.

In the fall of that year the two Sibleys and Joseph Jefferds and his twin brother Benjamin went to Clarkson to help raise a log house. They started on foot with axes and rifles. They crossed the Genesee in a canoe where the large iron bridge now stands on the road leading from Rush to Scottsville. (Industry, 1962.) They killed two bears on the way out, the going occupying twenty-four hours. The following day they raised the log house and returned the next day, bringing their bear skins with them.

The first clergyman who settled in Rush was Elder Pember-ton. He was a halfbreed Indian. He used to preach in a log schoolhouse half a mile west of the village of Rush, on what was then a public square. His wife was taken sick with what was called the Genesee Fever. She was sick for a long time and the doctor, Dr. Simons, had a large bill for services. Pember-ton had nothing to pay with, so Simons proposed to take the body and gave a barrel of whiskey "to boot." Pemberton took the offer, and afterwards sold the whiskey to the choppers for 25 cents a gallon.

During Elder Pemberton's stay, Robert McConkey, one of his parishioners, said that if he wanted to interest his hearers and have a better audience he must preach some Latin. Pemberton agreed and the following Sunday just after he had finished his regular sermon, he cried out in a loud voice: "Her- ricky, Jerriky Joe. There, that's Latin for you!"

I was married to Peter Price January 2, 1809, at Rush, and commenced housekeeping the same year in a log house still standing on the old Price homestead. George Price, my grandson, now occupies the farm on which I lived. (Alling 1962). My husband was the first lawyer in town. He served four years as justice of the peace. He was twice elected to the As-

sembly and was a member of the Constitutional Assembly in 1848. . . .

The commencement of the present village of East Rush was in 1810, when John Webster, coming from the eastern part of the State, settled here. He built a sawmill, gristmill, store and dwelling house, and went into active business.

My father informed me that I was the first child born in the Town of Richfield, Otsego County, and here I am yet. My father built a comfortable house. The few neighbors held meetings there in winter and in the barn in summer. Then my mother was sick a long time with consumption. She died when I was nine years of age. Short of two years Father married again. How glad I was to have a mother! She was kind to me and I loved her so dearly. Two weeks before the death of my mother, my sister, Lydia Bigelow, and her husband, Samuel Bigelow, came to this town, now called East Avon, where all our law business was done for many years. They had to nail up a coverlet for a door to their hut and to build a fire to keep away howling wolves.

Then in 1803 Uncle Joseph Jeffords moved here and lived a near neighbor to them. Then my father sold his farm and came here in 1805, and bought a betterment, with one acre cleared, and stayed nine weeks. He built a log house and barn. In March we all came, with five hired men to chop and log. In September there were sixty acres ready to sow to wheat. At that time if you wrote a letter to a friend you gave it to the first one going that way and he to the next one. There was no other way. The day after our arrival . . . six Indians called on us. They had five young wolves with them and expected to get a bounty for the scalps, as the government gave bounties at that time. . . . About 1810 a postrider from Canandaigua came through once a week.

My father died in 1819. When his business was settled up 2,700 bushels of wheat were sold for 30 cents per bushel. Other things went the same way. There was no market until the Erie Canal was opened. . . .

As near as I can remember it was 1814 or 1815 that a disease called an epidemic swept through our territory. It was

new to the doctors. They bled the patients and every one died. Then they commenced sweating them with hemlock boughs and saved them.

(Rebecca Jeffords Price died November 25, 1888, at the age of 97. She was one of the oldest residents of Monroe County. At 95, she is described as being "An active old lady for one of her years, slightly deaf, an infirmity that annoys her as it interferes with conversation." Her eyesight remained good and she read and wrote much of the time, being a "confirmed letter-writer" and corresponded regularly with old friends. At that time she invested in a spelling book, saying "It's a good many years since I studied, and words are spelled differently now."—B.A.H.)

A Good Indian, He Sought Warmth

Stories Told by MISS LINDA PUFFER,
a great-granddaughter of Col. William Markham.

Many years ago the Markhams were known breeders of an especially fine kind of sheep. An order came from Japan, and William Guy, grandson of Colonel William, made his plans to deliver the animals. At that time it was a long and dangerous journey, and his mother quite naturally dreaded to have him go. In all probability he would have to be gone a year, maybe more. At one time she had expressed a wish for a tree to be planted in a certain spot near the house, so before he left, her son brought up a fine elm and set it carefully near the door. All during his absence his mother tended that tree, determined to make it live, for she had a feeling that if it did, her boy would come back safely. He did and the tree is still living, a wide-spreading patriarch shading the ancestral home.

* * *

In the early days, while the family was still living in the cabin, it was not unusual when delivering produce for Colonel William to be gone overnight. His wife was a brave woman and although she may have slept with "one eye open," as the old saying goes, yet she did sleep.

One night when she and the children were asleep in the big bed she heard a noise at the door. Gradually it swung open

and a tall Indian greeted her with: "Don't be scared. Me good Indian. Want to get warm."

He came in, found something to eat and lay down by the fireplace. After a time he rose and disappeared into the night as silently as he had come in.

It is thought that he may have been the Seneca Indian runner, Tommy Infant, who carried the mail between what is now Buffalo and Albany. If so, it took him five days each way, running from Buffalo one week and back the next. He became a frequent visitor at Elm Place and was, indeed, a "good Indian."

Surprise Parties Featured "Good Old Days"

By CASH and GERTRUDE RODENBUSH, Rush, N. Y.

In the "good old days" we used to have many surprise parties. They do not have anything like them nowadays.

The Frank Mann barn, torn down in the summer of 1946, was once on the east side of the main road at Mann's Corners, a little northeast of Wasson's stand. It was an old hotel and is thought to have been a stagecoach stop.

3-Foot Wood Burned in School Stove

By JOSEPH RUPPERT, Rush, N. Y.

Around 1887 the enrollment at District No. 5 (Town sheds, 1962) was about eighteen. The one-room schoolhouse was heated by a stove which burned wood cut into three-foot lengths. About 1892 coal came into use.

Young men of twenty-one or twenty-two years might attend the school.

Some well-known men who once went to the little school include Walter Archibald, lawyer Leo Donahe, Catholic priest; Edward Doyle, division superintendent of the Lehigh Valley Railroad; Dr. James Sherman, well-known physician of Rochester.

The Southwest Corner of Rush, N.Y.

By MARY MARKHAM SELDEN, 1947

To properly tell the story of the Markham Homestead one must include a bit of family history. It is a remarkable fact

that William Markham 2nd., a member of a Connecticut battalion, had a preview of the Genesee Valley when with others he was sent to Irondequoit Landing to meet the Seneca Indians and deliver a ransom for a number of white captives. The Indians did not appear so Markham and five others set out across country to the town of Chennasseo Castle, now the present Genesee.

The trail led from Irondequoit Landing across what are now Brighton, Henrietta, Rush, Avon and Geneseo....On their journey the soldiers first came upon the Genesee River at the ford trail, which crosses the river by taking advantage of the Niagara escarpment at the river bend on the Markham Farm.

The Indians at Chennesseo Castle refused to deliver their captives, indeed it appeared that the affair was a hoax and that there were no captives, however, several warriors gladly accompanied the expedition back to the Landing where they took possession of the supplies...and allowed the soldiers to depart in peace for Oswego.

"It is a singular coincidence that from the high land of Elm Place the homestead of his descendants, William Markham 2nd. caught his first glimpse of the Genesee River and its alluvial flats. Deeply impressed with the natural beauty of the locality and advantages of the country, he carried to his eastern home a mental picture of the scene that was retained through life."—From George H. Harris, Proc. Livingston County Historical Society, 1916.

William Markham 3d., (Colonel William) came to the Genesee Valley in 1789. He purchased land and built a log cabin near what is now Industry in the Town of Rush. In 1791, his father (William Markham 2nd.) and his mother joined him, but alas, both died of the dreaded Genesee Fever in 1792.

In the fall of that year or the spring of 1793, he removed to East Bloomfield, but the call of the Valley was strong and on May 19, 1794, he purchased a considerable acreage from Abner Mighelis, a portion of which still forms part of the Markham Farm. On September 11, 1794, he bought half of the Capt. John Ganson property from Oliver Phelps, who retained the part on which the mill was located.

The original log cabin was built in 1794 and its "twin" a year or so later. The east part of the brick house was built in 1804-05. As there was not at that time a single brick house in the Genesee Valley, a brick kiln was established west of the log cabins and brick were burned of the native blue clay, which proved well suited to the purpose. This is the first brick house in the Genesee Valley. It served as the family home after 142 years and is indeed a monument to the builder, Col., later Maj. William Markham 3rd.

In 1910, William Guy Markham, who was born in the brick house, being the son of Guy Markham and grandson of Colonel William built a large addition to the house, endeavoring to keep the new part in harmony with the older structure.

The brick house is now (1947) the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Selden, their son, William Markham Selden, and the Misses Isabel and Linda Puffer. Mrs. Selden is the daughter of William Guy Markham and the Misses Puffer are daughters of his sister, Mrs. Charles C. Puffer.

The Markham Log Cabin

The present log cabin was built in 1890 by Guy Markham who was born in the original log cabin on the exact site. It is a veritable museum of pioneer days being fully furnished, the collection including many articles used by the family more than a hundred years ago.

William Markham 3rd., called "Colonel William" and later "Major William," from his rank in the New York State Militia, built the original log cabin in 1794. Soon the cabin became too small to accommodate the rapidly growing family and another cabin was built adjacent to it, the structures being connected by a covered passage. About 1812, after serving as barns, both cabins were torn down, apparently the family having experienced the comforts of the brick house, also constructed by Col. William Markham in 1804-05, had little further interest in log cabins.

The millstone forming the doorstep of the present cabin is from a gristmill at Five Points, which Colonel William helped

to build in 1810. The Ganson Mill was abandoned about that time presumably because of inadequate water supply.

Capt. John Ganson

Capt. John Ganson was the first white settler in the vicinity. He saw the Genesee Valley as an officer of the Sullivan expedition and returned to take up land under a lessee's permit from the New York Genesee Land Company, which in turn held a long-term lease, 999 years to be exact, from the Seneca Indian tribe. Shortly thereafter it was established that the Indians could not give a valid title or lease. Phelps and Gorham, having purchased the land from the State, Ganson made a deal with them but becoming dissatisfied, a few years later he removed to East Avon and later went west to establish the town that later became LeRoy.

Captain Ganson with his sons John and James built a log cabin on the knoll just south of the present Markham log cabin. In this the boys passed the winter of 1789-90, Ganson having gone east for his wife and household goods. It would seem that boys who sustained themselves through the winter in the wilderness merit the Eagle grade in Scouting. Several old apple trees, the last of which perished in the big freeze of 1934, may well have been set out by the Gansons.

Following his return in 1789, Ganson built the first gristmill in the Genesee Valley. It was in the little stream that runs through what is now the Hartford Farm, owned by Congressman James W. Wadsworth, and was located a short distance east of the River Road crossing.

Ganson opened his mill several months before the historic Indian Allen Mill at Rochester was ready for business. Crude as it was, the mill served a real need and settlers brought their grain long distances to be ground, Jared Bougton coming from Victor some 20 miles away. The mill remained in use for several years. After Ganson left, it was operated by William Markham for Oliver Phelps.

Little Red Schoolhouse

A small corner of the Markham Farm was donated to the

State for school purposes. The school building still stands and is painted the traditional red. It is believed to have been District No. 8 of Rush Township.

The school served the children of the Markham family and those living in the neighborhood about 1840. Guy Markham was school commissioner. It was his duty to find teachers and on occasion to take them to board in the family home. When the State abandoned the school, the property reverted to the family, which has used the building as a farm tenant house.

The Big Elm

The famous elm tree, for which the Markham Farm is named, still stands on the flats northwest of the home and near the river. Age, fire, insect infestation and storm have dealt harshly with the old giant. Now only a fragment survives. Notable for its peculiar drooping branches and great size, the circumference of the trunk near the ground being 45 feet when the tree was in its prime. When the land was cleared, about 1800, the tree shaded an acre of ground.

In 1893, the north side of the big elm was blown down. When sawed across the broken section showed about 375 annual growth rings. Careful measurements of the remaining portion placed its age at not less than 600 years.

Situated near the east bank of the river the tree was a landmark on an Indian Trial, presumably well traveled as the geological formation known as the Niagara Escarpment which crops out just north of the bend of the river, offered the easiest crossing in many miles and one that is still used occasionally.

A few arrow points, flint chips and fragments of pottery found about the tree indicate that it was known to the Indians to whom it doubtless afforded shelter. There is, however, no evidence of a settlement or village at this point.

Before Bread Was Sold in Rush Stores

By ANNA DORA LANGE, (Mrs. Norman S. Sherman)

The Shermans came to Rush around 1885. At that time

Hiram Cole had a general store where the George Sherman block was built (Bock, 1962.) Graney and Callan's store was where the present hotel stands. Mr. Sherman followed Graney and Callan.

Graney and Callan sold liquor, and moved to the house north of the creek where Frank Harding lived later.

For a time we had a store and postoffice in the building on the north side of the creek where Carl and Dora Behnk were for so many years.

The Pierce building was next to the stone building owned by Benjamin Kinsey. The latter was ruined by the fire of 1892.

Mr. Weisham had a harness shop in the Charles Bock place (of 1962), and Mr. Sawyer had a pump shop across the creek next to our store, later the Behnk store.

Frederick Clayman lived in the Ernest Dell place and had a blacksmith shop and woodworking establishment. (Yahn Service Station, 1962). One shop burned.

When the Lehigh Valley Railroad took over the property on the west side of the road, the frame of a large barn was standing there, which I have heard was used in stagecoach days.

There was no park. The highway went down the center with land on each side referred to as the "village green."

Among the merchants I remember were Benjamin Kinsey; his brother Samuel; Samuel's son Maurice; Kinsey and Zeitzer; Kinsey and Diver; Carl Behnk, and others.

When we came in 1885 you could not buy bread—just crackers. It was a long time before we sold bread.

Frank D. Sherman—"Fritz"

David Thomas lived where Stony Brook crosses the Rush-West Rush Road on Fishell Road. He had plenty of burdocks on his place and so had Holloway Sherman in his orchard. (Mr. Sherman lived in the large house on the west side of the present park and his land extended toward the big hill to the west.—B.A.H.)

One day Dave was passing by and called out, "Say, Holly, I see you got a prime crop of burdocks this year. I wish you'd save me some of the seed. Mine are kinda runnin' out."

It was temporarily the end of a "beautiful friendship." Mr. Sherman refused to speak to Dave for a time.

Once, two old ladies, sisters, lived where Delia Thomas lived so long in the old house among the daffodils on the West Rush Road. Their brother had died and the neighbors kept an eye on the old people. During one very cold spell a neighbor girl went over to see if they were all right. Getting no answer to her knock, she peeked in the window and was horrified to see one sister dead in bed, the other lifeless on the floor.

That night, as Fritz told it, one or two women and some young folks went over to "sit up" with the corpse. The hours dragged on, the boys got hungry. Finally they asked a woman if she would cook a hen if they got it. She agreed. So the boys went out to the sisters' hen coop and killed five, which were promptly converted into a savory meal to which they all sat down in the middle of the night. Every now and then one of the young folks would glance at the dead women and seeing an eye open and apparently glaring at the intruders, would call the cook's attention to it to the detriment of her nerves.

When asked why the undertaker did not remove the bodies and embalm hem, Fritz burst out: "Hell, they didn't always do that in those days. They put pennies on their eyes but it didn't always keep them shut. We sure had quite a night," he finished with a reminiscent chuckle.

The Shermans owned an ox, which they drove on the road. One day, Fritz and some of his cronies started to take a grist to mill at West Rush. They caught up with Mr. Sawyer of Rush, headed west on a similar errand. The Sherman ox was a good traveler and, with a little urging, beat the Sawyer horse with ease. The old man was so angry that when he caught up with the boys he gave them a spanking for which he later apologized to their fathers.

When the men were cradling wheat, it was the custom to have a jug of whiskey handy for refreshment. When the jug got empty, some one had to go for a refill. Once when returning with a fresh supply, horse, buggy and man met Henry B. Hart's big dog. He was not a pleasant animal to encounter. The driver lashed out with his whip. The horse jumped, and

the man landed on the ground. "And," said Fritz, "the ugly old critter nearly chewed him up."

When the section hands were working on the "Peanut," near the Sherman homestead, the boys would steal the hand-car and go whizzing down the tracks, while the foreman yelled threats which he never carried out.

Fritz's version of the story of the discolored body of the Civil War soldier, Robert Taft, differed from that told by a historian of Rush, Miss Mary A. Hayes. She contended that when, at the insistence of the family, the casket was opened before burial, the body was that of a colored man. Fritz said that an uncle of Mr. Taft told him that he positively identified it as that of his nephew. Right or wrong, uncertainty does not interfere with his rest.

From the "Recollections of Mrs. Elisha Sibley"

As told to a reporter for the "Post-Express" of Rochester, Feb. 23, 1891.

After the War (Revolution) my father, Elnathan Perry, a soldier, returned to Massachusetts, and on June 7, 1794, married Christiana McDonald. I was born at Woodford, Vt., under the shadow of the Green Mountains, April 21, 1801.

I have little remembrance of Vermont as we left there in the spring of the year of the great eclipse, 1806, when I was but five years old. Father was dissatisfied with his place and decided to move to the Genesee Country. I think he was influenced in his choice of location by the little knowledge he obtained of the Genesee Valley while there as a soldier in Sullivan's army. There were five children of us then, and though I was so young, I distinctly recollect the day we reached the present village of Lima. We stopped with Colonel Morgan, who was agent for sale of land belonging to his brother, Major Morgan. While we were resting there two wagon loads of people on their way back to Vermont drove up. They said the Holland Purchase was a terrible country, full of Indians, bears and pestilence, and every one who settled there would either starve or be killed. The people tried to persuade Father to return to Vermont, but he said he would not give up until he had looked around....

I have often heard him say he came down the river to the present site of Rochester, where he found a single log house occupied by a man named Hanford. How that man did beg him to stay! Land was offered for twenty shillings an acre, but Father said he would not take it as a gift. The place was a swamp hole, full of ague, rattlesnakes and mud. He went back to Lima.

He had great difficulty in getting water on his old farm in Vermont, and he told Colonel Morgan that he would not buy another farm unless it had a stream of water running through. Morgan took him down to Honeoye Creek and he was so pleased with the location that he bought one hundred acres lying on both sides of the stream about two miles east of the present Rush Junction, for which he gave five dollars an acre. . . . (Carlson place, 1962). There was no road. The only way to reach the new farm was by following flashed trees through the woods.

Father had his old uniform and he traded a cocked hat for a horse. He bought a cow and a hog. He went down to chop logs to build his house, and Colonel Morgan and John Markham collected all the settlers and never left him until it was put up and finished, roof, floor, and fireplace. We moved in and the settlers came for a housewarming. What a time they had! They played games. John Markham would sing a song and at the end of every verse every gentleman would catch the lady nearest him and kiss her. It was surprising to see how the girls constantly changed places.

Our nearest neighbor was two miles away. Calvin Diver, who came from Vermont, settled next to us, and his daughter and two sons were our playmates. . . . I recollect Crystal Thomas, Thomas Dailey, Jacob Stull, Joseph Sibley, Col. William Markham, the Goffs, Prices, Jeffords, and other early settlers. Crystal Thomas built a sawmill on Stony Brook about 1806 and Father often went there for lumber. The settlers were all kind to each other and when one had an extra supply of anything it was shared with less fortunate neighbors.

Old Mr. Markham settled on the river about a mile below the mouth of Honeoye Creek just after the Revolutionary

War. He and his wife died there of Genesee Fever, and they and members of two or three other families were buried on the farm. Colonel William and John were brothers. . . . I recollect going to Colonel Markham's to a picking bee when I was about sixteen. He had a great flock of sheep and the neighboring boys and girls went up to pick over the wool and have a good time. John Markham lived on the south side of Honeoye Creek at West Rush. He was full of fun and a nice singer. He always sang at parties

One day he called at our house and said a bear had killed his old sow and made orphans of nine pigs. He offered a pig to each man who would help kill the bear. The neighbors turned out and treed the bear. Father had the only gun and that was a shotgun. They sent for a rifle and while waiting for it, the old bear came down and escaped. . . . John gave the pigs to the men, however.

When we came to Avon, now Rush, in 1806, the woods were full of wild animals, and the Indians were all about us. One day two big, stalwart Indians killed a deer near the clearing and dragged the carcass past the house. We children were terribly frightened to see them coming . . . toward us covered with blood, but they went rushing through the creek into the woods without noticing us. One day we heard a panther cry in the woods. It was a dreadful cry, just like the wail of an infant, and the early settlers who understood the sound, dreaded to hear it. Just then an Indian came in. He had a toothache and motioned to us to give him some red peppers hanging in the window. On receiving one, he crammed the whole pepper into his mouth and, going out, waded the creek to hunt the panther.

Nancy Day was living with us, and coming through the woods from Thomas' sawmill one evening, heard a footstep behind her. She turned around and saw an enormous panther just ready to spring at her. She was terribly frightened but remembered having heard that a wild animal would not jump at a person who was looking at it, so she kept her eye on the beast and began to back away from it. The panther followed only a few feet distant and, as she tried to go faster, she

backed into a brush heap when her heels caught and she stumbled backwards. Thinking the panther had jumped at her, she set up such a frantic shrieking that the brute turned and ran away. She finally found she was not hurt and, picking herself up, ran into the house. But she never went into the woods again without company.

That day Father went to a school meeting, thinking he would find the path pretty rough walking after dark, he took a lantern with him, and that lantern saved his life. He started home through the woods, and hearing something in the bushes, tried to find out what it was. Thinking it might be a stray calf, he walked towards the sound, then saw something on the ground creeping toward him. When he went toward it the thing would run away, but as he started along the path it would follow him yet keeping out of the glare of the lantern. Father made up his mind that some young fellow was trying to frighten him. His old soldier blood was up at once, and he called to the person to stop his nonsense....When Father reached his own farm he was mad enough to whip a regiment, but as the thing followed into the clearing he saw it was a huge panther that had been kept at bay through fear of the lantern.

The Indian villages were along the river, but straggling bands and hunters were constantly passing through the woods about us. They did no harm if they were not molested. About 1816, my brother, sister, two of the Diver girls and myself went over to the great hill near Hart's Corners (North Rush —B.A.H) after huckleberries. The hill was covered with bushes and one could pick a bushel of berries in a short time. In a little place we came upon a number of ponies fastened together. A sort of saddlebag made of birch bark, that would hold a bushel on each side, was fastened on every horse. Suddenly the air was split with the most hideous whoops and yells and a party of Indians, picking berries on the hillside, came rushing down toward us. They stood looking at us, and after a while my brother recovered his wits and held out his hand, saying "Sago! Sago!" The Indians saw that we were not trying to steal their property, and said, "Co-chee! Co-chee!"

jumped on their horses and rode away. They were from the village of Canawaugus, opposite Avon. I often heard the name of old Hot Bread, chief of the village, but never saw him.

My Father died on the fourth day of July 1849 on the same farm he purchased from Colonel Markham in 1806. He was a good man and a true patriot.

Note: Some years ago a large button was ploughed up on the one-time Perry farm. Believed to have come from Ethan's Revolutionary uniform, it is a prized family keepsake.

—B.A.H.

Phelps and Gorham Purchase

From the Reminiscences of JOSEPH SIBLEY (Pages 535-538)

When I came to Rush in 1806, there was no surveyed road in the township. The fall previous, Mr. Wadsworth had contracted with Major Markham to cut a wood's road as far as the line of Henrietta.... The first surveyed road through the town...was the State road from Arkport to the mouth of the Genesee River.

There were large patches of rushes both on flats and upland, along the river and Honeoye Creek; the locality was called "Rush Bottom." Cattle would winter well and thrive on the rushes. The Wadsworths would send large droves here to winter and many were sent from Lima, Bloomsfield and Victor. The rushes finally ran out by being repeatedly fed down.

In 1805, crops were very light and before harvest of 1806 there was much suffering for food. Wheat went up to \$2.50 a bushel. The harvest of 1806 was an abundant one. Wheat and corn became a drug. I chopped and cleared and sowed to wheat twenty acres the first year I commenced in Rush. I harvested from 600 to 700 bushels but could sell it for nothing that I wanted except in a few instances.

In early years there was none but a home market, and that was mostly barter. There was hardly enough money in the country to pay taxes. In the way of clothing buckskin breeches and those made from hemp grown upon the river, were quite common. Few wore shoes or boots except in winter. When we began to have sheep it cost us a great deal of trouble to keep

them from wolves. Woolen shirts were a luxury; the most common ones were of flax and hemp.

Game was very plentiful. The hills of Rush, Avon, Caledonia and Wheatland, valleys and uplands, were favorite ranges for deer. In the winter of 1808-09 a deep crust occurred. The wolves made terrible havoc among the deer; the poor creatures would take to the roads and flee into farmers' yards for refuge. Venison was a great help to the new settlers. I never heard of a region where deer were so plentiful. Ducks were abundant in the river and tributary streams in early years. Wild geese would come every fall and spring.

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Pigeons would in some seasons come in large flocks and seriously injure newly sown crops. The black squirrel was a nuisance. They would sometimes destroy whole fields of corn. The advent of the crow in this region was in 1817. They had been preceded by the raven. In the earliest years, there were a few turkey buzzards upon the river but they soon disappeared.

(Joseph Sibley came from Rensselaer County, New York. In 1806, he located in Rush and in 1812 removed to Riga. Later, he became a resident of Chili, owned a mill on Black Creek, was a town supervisor and a member of the State Legislature. His Rush homestead was at the present Golah.—B.A.H.)

Her Grandfather Set Out Maples

By PATRICIA FARRELL TREAT (Mrs. Carl), Honeoye Falls, N. Y.

Around 1870, Grandfather Farrell built the small house on the Rush-Mendon Road now (1962) the home of Kenneth Darron.

My father, William Judson Farrell, was born in this house in 1873. He was named after Judson Sheldon on the Plains Road, Mendon.

The maple trees along the roadside by the place were planted by my Grandfather Farrell.

Lost Bearing Recalls "Black Diamond" Wreck

By KENNETH WARNICK, Rush, N. Y.

I have been told that at one time the Lehigh's fast passenger train, the erstwhile "Black Diamond," lost a bearing and jumped the track near the Rush depot, back of School No. 10.

About twenty years later, George Brant, who was hunting on a farm on Fishell Road, found a bronze bearing which is supposed to be the one that the "Diamond" lost. If this is so, the train must have gone two miles before any one knew it was missing.

Mill at Rush Burned, Rebuilt in 1847

By PAUL WEAVER, Rochester, N. Y.

My grandfather, Benjamin Weaver, rebuilt the mill at Rush
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after it was burned in 1847. He lived then in the Theodore Longfellow house, 6009 East Henrietta Road, Rush.

I was a great-grandson of Abner Greene, who was the father of Charles Greene, nurseryman of Rush and Rochester.

Abner Greene lived on the Rush-Mendon Road. Thomas Lyons worked for him and later bought the farm, the present Stevens place, 2458 Rush-Mendon Road.

Two of the Weaver brothers, William and Benjamin, came from Allegany County and settled on the East Henrietta Road, north of Cedar Swamp, between the Lehigh branch and the old reservoir. Their father joined them later, walking all the way from Allegany to be with his boys.

South of the Weaver house in Rush lived a Mr. Keeler, who moved to Rochester and became an important man. His daughter or granddaughter, I am not certain which, married William Kimball, the big tobacconist, atop of whose building on Court Street stood the statue of Mercury.

The Rush mill was burned in 1847, according to Mr. Weaver.

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